TWELVE YEARS'

MILITARY ADVENTURE

IN THREE QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE:

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OFFICER

WHO SERVED IN THE

ARMIES OF HIS MAJESTY AND OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY,

BETWEEN THE YEARS 1802 AND 1814,

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE

CAMPAIGNS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

IN INDIA,

AND HIS LAST IN SPAIN AND THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TWELVE YEARS'

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Having passed two or three months very agreeably at Madras, on the 30th April 1811, I embarked on board the Betsy, and set sail in company with fifteen transports, under convoy of his Majesty's ship Phaeton.

In the afternoon of the following day we encountered a severe gale from the north-east, which lasted till the 2d. Some of the ships suffered a good deal; but none were lost. One horse-ship, in particular, was in great distress. Out of sixty horses she lost forty-three, many of which it was absolutely necessary to destroy by cutting their throats before the seamen could get close to the ports. But the chief part died of suffocation from the hatches having been battened down. This was the tail of that dreadful hurricane which caused so much devastation at Madras, and by which the Dover frigate

and several other vessels were driven ashore and lost. Had we remained only twenty-four hours longer in Madras roads the whole fleet must have been wrecked; and, in that case, from the number of troops on board, the loss of lives must have been dreadful. Some of the transports were separated from the convoy during the gale; but they all joined before our arrival at Penang, or Prince of Wales' Island, where we cast anchor on the 21st of May.

Here we found the first division of troops from Madras, which, though they sailed about a fortnight before us, did not reach Penang till five or six days previously to our arrival. They experienced very good weather on the passage, having escaped the gale altogether. As we entered the harbour of Penang we met the Akbar frigate, with Sir Samuel Auchmuty on board, working out. The Akbar sailed from Madras about the time we did, but arrived at Penang ten days before us. Sir Samuel was proceeding to Malacca, to inspect the Bengal division, which had already arrived there.

Commodore Broughton, on whom the command of the squadron in India devolved, in consequence of the death of Admiral Drury, was here in the Illustrious 74; but sailed a few days afterwards for Malacca, to arrange, as naval commander-in-chief, the further progress of the expedition.

The harbour of Penang is a noble one, capable of containing the whole of the British navy. All that I particularly recollect of the Island, which is small, and of but little consequence in itself, is, that it produced the best pine-apples I had tasted in India, and in such abundance that they were to be found in almost all the hedges. Indeed those cultivated in gardens, though larger, were not considered so well flavoured as the wild ones. When eaten in any quantity they are unwholesome, having a tendency to produce dysentery. It became therefore an object of importance to prevent the soldiers from obtaining too many of them. I know not what may be the flavour of the West India pine-apple, but I tasted none in the East Indies at all to be com-

pared to those raised in our hot-houses in England. The mangosteen, which grows here, and all along the coast of Sumatra, I have heard extolled as the most delicious fruit in nature; but, as this was not the season for its ripening, I was not so fortunate as to taste it.

The inhabitants of this place are composed of emigrants from different parts of India, Malays, Chinese, and natives of Hindostan. The Chinese are by far the most industrious and best looking. They are generally employed as porters or water-carriers, for which occupations their athletic frames render them particularly fitted. Some of them are perfect models of symmetry. Notwithstanding the laws of the Chinese against emigration, there are numerous colonies of that nation scattered about the Eastern Archipelago, from the aborigines of which they are as much distinguished in their personal appearance, as they are by their habits of industry, and a corresponding regard for the comforts of life.

While here I took a ride into the interior, to view the Governor's house, which is prettily situated, and has its grounds laid out in the style of an English park. But unfortunately, while I was absent from the port, my little ship was ordered to get under weigh by signal from the Commodore. She hoisted her blue peter, and fired signal-guns to attract my attention, but these I neither saw nor heard; I was consequently compelled to find a passage to Malacca in another vessel.

On the 24th of May, I sailed with the first division of the Madras fleet, and reached Malacca on the 1st of June. Here we found the Bengal division, consisting of 5,500 men, besides the artillery, all sepoys. They had been encamped near the town, but on our arrival had commenced re-embarking. This was the largest native force that had ever before left India on a foreign expedition. It was composed of volunteers from the Bengal army, and was a remarkably fine body of men; but, as it may be supposed, not quite so healthy as our Europeans. The Bengal sepoys are mostly Rajpoots, who, next to the Bramins, are of the highest caste of Hindoos. To those, therefore, who are acquainted with

their religious prejudices, and the consequent hardships and privations they undergo on board ship, it is surprising to see them come forward to make such sacrifices, when not bound to do so by the conditions of their enlistment. There cannot be a stronger proof of their attachment to the service. To cherish this feeling should be the paramount policy of our Indian Government; for though we must rely chiefly on the valour of our European troops for conquests, yet the maintenance of our Eastern empire depends altogether on the fidelity of our native army, that of Bengal in particular, which may truly be said to be the rampart of British dominion in India. This army is composed of a much finer race of men than the native troops of either of the other Presidencies.* In fact, one Bengal sepoy would make two of Madras; and, though not so active, nor perhaps, so completely *au fait* at manœuvring as the latter, they are, in every other respect, far superior. The European officers, too, have a better system with their men than those of the Madras army; interfering as little as possible with their prejudices, not unnecessarily harassing them with drill, and granting them every indulgence consistent with their duty.

The army being now assembled, was, preparatory to sailing for its final destination, brigaded as follows:

The advance, commanded by Colonel Gillespie, consisted of 200 horse artillery, two squadrons of the 22d dragoons mounted, and one dismounted, a squadron of the Governor-General's body guard, six companies of his Majesty's 89th regiment, and the Bengal light battalion; to which were afterwards added the marines of the squadron, amounting to about 400 men: making a total of about 1,450 Europeans and 850 natives.

The line was commanded by Major-General Wetherall, who had under him two brigades; the right, commanded by Colonel Gibbs, consisting of his Majesty's 14th and 59th regiments, and one Bengal battalion, ma-

* In general they take up more ground in line than a European regiment.

king about 1,650 Europeans and 750 natives; the left brigade, under Colonel Adams, composed of his Majesty's 69th and 78th regiments, and a Bengal battalion, making about the same force as the right brigade. The reserve was commanded by Colonel Wood, and consisted of three battalions of Bengal volunteers; in all about 2,500.

The foot artillery, which consisted of 400 Europeans, one company of which was Royal, and the rest from Bengal, with an equal number of gun lascars, was under the command of Colonel Caldwell of the latter service.

The force altogether might amount to about 11,000 fighting men, one half of whom were Europeans. There were besides about 700 pioneers under the command of Captain Smithwaite.

Lieutenant-Colonel M'Kenzie of the Madras Establishment was chief Engineer, Colonel Agnew of the same service Adjutant-General, and Colonel Eden of his Majesty's service Quarter-master-General.

At Malacca we found the Governor-General of India, Lord Minto, whose zeal for the service led him to accompany the expedition. On the 4th of June his Lordship held a levee in honour of his Majesty's birth-day; and, in the evening, entertained the officers of the army and navy and the principal inhabitants, English and Dutch, with a ball, at which were present, of course, all the beauty and fashion of the place.

I did not remain long enough at Malacca to be able to give a satisfactory description of the settlement, of which, however, I may say, in a few words, that it is an English superstructure upon a Dutch bottom.

Having been directed to accompany Colonel M'Kenzie to the coast of Java, for the purpose of ascertaining the proper point of debarkation, we got under weigh on the evening of the 8th, in the Phœnix, Government yacht, accompanied by the Nautilus, Company's cruizer. On the same day the first division of Bengal troops, under convoy of his Majesty's ship Cornelia, weighed, and sailed in company with us.

We had a favourable passage through the straits of

Malacca, and had not occasion to anchor so often as we expected, having generally found the wind in our favour.

On the 13th we parted company from the fleet, which went through the straits of Sinkapoor, while we pursued the southern passage through the straits of Dryon. We were forced to tide it through the greater part of the way, the wind being generally contrary. These straits are crowded with small islands, which have a very picturesque appearance.

On the 17th we fell in with the Wellington schooner, from the Isle of France, last from Java. She brought intelligence that a party of our troops, consisting of about two hundred of the 14th regiment, and the marines of the Minden, had been attacked while on shore near Bantam by a large body of the enemy, sent from Batavia for that purpose, and had repulsed them with great slaughter, giving our friends at Java a foretaste of the pleasures which they had to expect. The Wellington also informed us that General Jansens (the same person who was Governor of the Cape of Good Hope when last taken by us) had arrived at Java for the purpose of superseding General Daendels in the government of the island.

On the 21st we made the Island of Banca; but, in consequence of the Nautilus having sprung her mainmast, we did not reach the Island of Palambangan till the 29th. Here we removed on board his Majesty's sloop Baracoufa, Captain Owen, as in every respect better calculated for our purpose than the Phœnix, and made sail for the Island of Java.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival on the Coast of Java, and in Batavia Roads.—Landing on the Coast.—Skirmish with the Enemy.—Unfortunate termination of the affair.—Narrow escape of the Author.—Troops stand to the Eastward.—Cut off some Malay Prows.—Description of a China Junk.—The Author employed in reconnoitering the Coast. Cheribon.—Arrival of the Expedition.

On the morning of the 11th of July we got sight of the lofty mountain of Cheribon, in the Island of Java; and shortly afterwards made Bumkin Island. We then stood down the coast, and anchored alongside of his Majesty's ship Leda, in Batavia roads, on the evening of the 13th.

On the following day at noon we left the ship with four boats belonging to the Leda and Baracouta, containing thirty of the marines and 69th regiment, besides the seamen belonging to the boats, for the purpose of reconnoitering the coast to the eastward of Tanjong Priok. In order that we might not excite any particular notice while on shore, Colonel M'Kenzie and I dressed ourselves as seamen. When thus equipped for our expedition, the Colonel, who stood about six feet two, cut a most ludicrous figure, in a jacket and trowsers belonging to the Captain, which reached about half way down his long Lismahago limbs. But though our mirth was thus somewhat excited at the outset, this was doomed to be any thing but a laughing business, as will be seen in the sequel. We first landed a little to the eastward of the Maronde river: but, finding ourselves on an island formed by two outlets of the river, we dropped lower down, and again landed on its western side, opposite to a village called Chillinching. As the boats of the

Leda had been frequently at this spot for the purpose of collecting live stock and provisions, without having experienced any molestation, we were lulled into security, and certainly did not take those precautions which were proper on such an occasion. This neglect was productive of very unpleasant consequences to us, and had very nearly proved of great detriment to the service.

Previously to landing we picked up a market-boat, the head man of which, a Chinese, we took on shore with us as a guide. Close to the spot where we landed we saw a road, apparently leading up to the village, which the officer of marines told us was that by which he and his men were accustomed to enter it. Our guide objected to taking this road, assigning as a reason that there was a wide ditch in the way, the bridge over which had been lately broken; but he pointed out a path to the right, which he said was the only way by which we could reach the village. The Colonel resolved upon being guided by him; we accordingly pursued the path which he had pointed out. After having gone about a quarter of a mile to the right, we struck off to the left, crossing a kind of back-water or swamp by a narrow bank, and fell into the road before-mentioned close to the village. We were on the point of entering the street, when I observed a large cocked hat make its appearance from behind a corner. We were not long left in doubt respecting the intentions of its owner; for, I had scarcely mentioned this unusual circumstance to the Colonel, before a French, or Dutch, officer sallied forth, followed by a large party of soldiers. Having only four men with us at the time, and being ourselves unarmed, our first impulse naturally was to make towards our party on the beach, where we expected to find support. Accordingly, without much deliberation, we took to our heels, closely followed by the enemy, who fired smartly at us. Fortunately we took the nearest road down the avenue leading to the spot where we had left the boats. As the enemy were close upon us, and as Colonel M'Kenzie was an old man, and might be in possession of papers which would show the object of our landing, the first

idea that occurred to me was to rifle his pockets and leave him to his fate, never supposing that he could escape from our younger, and, as I supposed, more nimble pursuers. But when I observed him taking at least three yards at a stride, I saw that, however ill disposed he might be on ordinary occasions to fly from an enemy, nature had amply provided him with the means when necessary; in fact, that the agility of his heels was fully equal to the strength of his heart. On reaching the sea-side, we were surprised to find there only a few of the marines of the Leda, and those not formed, or in a situation to support us. We, however, drew up the few men that were present at the end of the avenue; but, as the enemy appeared to be in force, and continued to advance while they extended their front, it was thought fruitless to attempt to face them with the small party that was then formed, the seamen having, on the report of the firing, shoved off into deep water; we therefore retreated with precipitation to the boats. It may be here necessary to observe, that the officer of marines, with the party of the 69th regiment, was about three or four hundred yards to the right, having accompanied us when we first moved in that direction. What induced him to remain there I cannot imagine; but the consequence was, that they were not only out of the way when we required their support; but their retreat was cut off, and they were made prisoners.

While we were making for the boats, the enemy fired smartly at us; but fortunately only three men of those that escaped were wounded. Whether there were any casualties among the prisoners we could not observe. In reaching the boats the Colonel's height was again of considerable use to him; for, while I was compelled to swim some distance, he strode along, like Gulliver among the Lilliputian fleet.

There can be no doubt that this was a scheme to draw us into an ambuscade; and if the officer who commanded the party of the enemy had only been a little more patient, and allowed us to advance into the heart of the village, they would have succeeded in capturing

Colonel M'Kenzie and me. Our own too great confidence, and consequent negligence, gave them an advantage of which they did not sufficiently avail themselves. The Chinaman appears to have been a principal agent in the business, and was, no doubt, thrown in our way for the purpose of leading us into this unpleasant predicament. I think that on this occasion I had as narrow an escape with my life as ever I recollect. While we were pulling off from the shore I was seated on the same bench with the strokesman, with my face to the stern of the boat, when a musket-ball lodged in the oar which crossed my body, exactly opposite to the pit of my stomach. I heard a smart stroke at the time, but did not observe any thing particular, till the man pointed out to me the ball sticking in the wood.

We were much afraid that the enemy would obtain a great deal of information respecting the expedition from the prisoners they had taken, but we afterwards heard that they had not questioned them on the subject. The marine officer had the honour of dining with General Jansens the same evening he was taken. They were well treated, and a few days afterwards exchanged for some officers and men taken on the coast by the boats of the Minden.

On the 16th we weighed, and stood to the eastward, in order to the fulfilment of our instructions, as far as related to the eastern part of the island; and, while we were working to windward, we employed ourselves in making such observations on the coast as we thought likely to be of use.

During our cruise along shore we cut off several Malay prows, chiefly bound from Macassar to Batavia; and, having eased them of the chief part of their cargoes, and some female slaves whom they were taking for sale, we dismissed them. Many more might have been taken, had the captain thought proper. However our naval commanders may be justified by the laws of war in making prizes of vessels bound to a blockaded port, yet to a feeling mind it cannot but be distressing to think that these poor wretches, who know nothing of

our maritime laws, and who, at all events, can take little interest in the cause of either party, should thus be robbed, perhaps of their little all, while carrying on a trade on which their subsistence depends.

We occasionally fell in with a Chinese junk, which is, I believe, without exception, the most barbarous vessel, both in construction and appearance, that floats upon the waters. Many of them are upwards of 1,000 tons burthen, and contain often from 500 to 1,000 men. But for what purpose they are so crowded with hands I never could discover, as they are engaged solely in commerce, and scarcely able to defend themselves against the pirates which infest these seas. They are amazingly high out of water, particularly at the poop and forecastle, the former being at least twice the height of that of a three-decker. In general they have only one mast, and that an immense stick, with pegs stuck in it for the seamen to mount by, but without rigging or stay of any kind. On this is hoisted an enormous square sail, composed of a kind of matting. They have a few of what are called Portuguese on board, for the purpose of steering the ship, and going aloft, which no Chinaman will attempt. It is surprising to see the ignorance of the Chinese, in other respects an ingenious people, in every thing regarding navigation or naval architecture, particularly when we consider that we are indebted to them for the invention of the mariner's compass. But I presume that this apparent anomaly in their national character may be attributed to the strange policy of their government, which permits neither a foreigner to enter their country, nor a native to quit it; since it is only by the connivance of the authorities on the sea-coast, that any are allowed to embark.

These junks never venture out of soundings, if they can help it; and when it comes on to blow, they immediately drop their anchor, a huge piece of metal attached to a Coir cable, as large in circumference as a man's body. Notwithstanding this, many of them go down in the typhoons which are experienced in the Chinese

seas. They are commonly laden, when homeward bound, with sharks' fins, birds' nests, and other gelatinous substances, collected among the islands of this archipelago, and intended to pamper the appetite of the luxurious Chinaman, whose belly is his god.

On the 24th we anchored in Cheribon roads, and shortly afterwards left the ship for the purpose of reconnoitering the town and beach. We rowed along shore within musket-shot for two or three miles, during which we had an excellent view of the coast. The enemy were under arms, apparently with the intention of resisting a landing; but, finding that this was not our object, they did not offer us any molestation.

The town of Cheribon is pleasantly situated, and appears to be extensive and populous. The neighbouring country is fertile and well cultivated, and, from its varied appearance, affords a prospect more gratifying to the eye than the coast between that town and Batavia, which, as far as the Indermaya river, is flat and woody. To the south-westward, about four miles from the town, appears the lofty mountain of Cheribon, which, from its isolated position and remarkable height, is a principal landmark to navigators in these seas. The town is low; but the country grudually rises until the prospect is terminated by the above-mentioned mountain, connected with a range of low, rugged hills, of singular appearance.

The only defence of the place consists in a small brick fort, of no strength. The garrison, which before consisted of about a hundred soldiers, had lately been withdrawn, with the exception of about thirty. Besides these, there were two or three hundred of the inhabitants armed with pikes, more for show, I should think, than fight. Had we chosen to land, I have no doubt that our boats's crew would have put them all to flight.

In the course of the day we picked up in a boat some natives belonging to the place, whom we took the liberty of detaining. Among other information obtained from them, we learned that about a month before a body of troops, Europeans and natives, had passed through

Cheribon, on their route from Sourabaya to Batavia. The European part of this corps were said to have lately arrived with General Jansens. From this circumstance, as well as from information obtained near Batavia, we were led to think that the enemy, aware of the approach of our expedition, were concentrating their force in the neighbourhood of Batavia.

A little after sunset the boats of the brig were sent to cut out some vessels lying in the roads. About two o'clock in the morning they joined us, having succeeded in bringing off two small brigs. As soon as our men boarded the vessels, the Malays leaped overboard and swam ashore, not, however, before they had wounded one of our men.

We then proceeded to cruize off Indermaya, where we had been directed to await the arrival of the expedition; and on the 26th fell in with the Modeste and Leda frigates. From them we learned that there were then at Sourabaya three of the enemy's frigates and some corvettes, which were supposed to have brought out General Jansens and some troops: this agreed with the accounts we had received at Cheribon. They were blockaded by three of our frigates; it was therefore presumed that they would not be able to escape. They nevertheless gave us the slip, in a manner by no means creditable to the vigilance of our navy. The Dasher, which brought the information, spoke off the eastern coast of Madura the Scipio 74, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Stopford, who, hearing of the death of Admiral Drury, and of the expedition fitted out against Java, left his station at the Cape, and sailed immediately for the point of attack, hoping to arrive in time to be entitled to a share of the anticipated riches of the island.

The Modeste, having the Governor-General still on board, left the expedition still at anchor off Pulo Mancap, where about fifty sail were then collected.

Colonel M'Kenzie and I having shifted our quarters to the Leda, the Modeste and Baracouta proceeded in quest of the expedition. From this period to the end of the month we employed ourselves in exploring the In-

dermaya river, up which we rowed a considerable distance without meeting with any interruption. The Chinese, who are the principal farmers of the ground, seemed very shy of us, and fled up the river on our approach; but the Javanese appeared to view us with indifference. The river abounded with small canoes, not large enough to contain more than one person, who, however, manages to paddle them with incredible velocity. On inquiry, we found that the town of Indermaya lay about four miles higher up the river than we went. It was reported to be a populous and extensive place. From its situation on the banks of so fine a river, it ought to be in a flourishing state.

On the 30th we again spoke the Modeste, which informed us, that the night preceding, her boats had fallen in with a flotilla under convoy of some gunboats, at anchor off Tagal. Captain Sayer resolved, therefore, on proceeding a little further to the eastward, in company with the Modeste, in hopes of intercepting them.

Being near Tagal on the evening of the 31st, as soon as it was dark, the boats of the two ships were sent in search of the flotilla; but returned before morning. bringing with them only a brig and two boats laden with rice, not having discovered the object of their search.

Early in the morning of the 1st of August, we fell in with the Baracouta, and were informed by Captain Owen that the expedition had arrived two days before at Bumkin Island, and was to sail that morning to the westward. Unfortunately, our trip after the gunboats caused us to be out of the way at a time when our presence might have been most required. We learned from the Baracouta that the Procris, Captain Maunsell, which we left anchored at Indermaya, had succeeded in cutting off the gunboats of which we were in search. They were six in number; five were taken, and the other burnt. This was a very gallant affair, and reflected great credit on Captain Maunsell. When boarded, all of the enemy, who were able, jumped overboard and swam to the shore, not, however, before they had wounded several of our men by their guns and musketry.

Immediately on receiving Captain Owen's communication, we made all sail to overtake the fleet, in which intention we succeeded before dark. We then went on board the Akbar, and were happy to find that our being out of the way, although it had caused much anxiety to Sir Samuel Auchmuty, had not been productive of any serious inconvenience, as he had made up his mind to land somewhere in the neighbourhood of Batavia; our presence being only necessary to enable him to determine the precise spot.

CHAPTER III.

Description of the Place of Landing.—Debarkation.—Position taken up for the night.—The Army moves in the direction of Batavia. Adventure of the Author.—Burning of the Spice Magazines in Batavia.—The Advance crosses the Antchol river, and takes possession of Batavia.—Streets covered with Sugar and Coffee.—Alarm at Night.—The Fleet comes to anchor in Batavia Roads.

At one P. M. of the 4th of August, the fleet came to anchor off the spot fixed upon for the debarkation, which was near the village of Chillinching, where Colonel M'Kenzie and I had before landed, and met with our unfortunate adventure. It was situated about twelve miles to the eastward of Batavia, with which it was connected by a canal running nearly parallel to the coast. There was also a good road leading from thence to the capital, crossing the Antchol river by a bamboo bridge about three miles from the town, and another leading direct to the enemy's fortified position at Cornelis. The Maronde river, which falls into the sea close to the eastward of Chillinching, forms, with the canal and the Antchol river, an island about nine miles in length and one in breadth. This spot combined many advantages; for, while it gave the Commander-in-chief the option of

advancing direct against Cornelis, or of first getting possession of Batavia, it effectually protected him, by its insular position, from any attack on the part of the enemy.

About two P. M. the debarkation commenced, and about half an hour afterwards the advance of about 2,500 men, under Colonel Gillespie, were safely landed, having met no enemy to oppose them.

Lord Minto was among the foremost to set foot on shore; and in doing so, the moment the boat stranded, he jumped up to his middle in the water, while Sir Samuel, who was in a boat alongside, permitted himself to be carried on shore on the back of a seaman. I was near exclaiming at the time, "This is the difference between an old soldier and an old fool!" but respect for his lordship's talents stopped my mouth.

Possession was immediately taken of the village; also, of a large country-house and garden, situated to the southward of it, on the opposite side of the canal. Nearly the whole of the army having been landed, in the evening we took up a position for the night; Colonel Gillespie's brigade occupying the ground to the southward of the village, and the two brigades of the line fronting Batavia, with their right resting on the sea, and their left on the canal.

In the night a patrole of the enemy came suddenly on our picquet on the Batavia road; but, being received by a round of canister from two field-pieces, they did not wait for a repetition of the salute, but retired faster than they advanced, leaving one of their party dead on the spot. We afterwards ascertained that they had an officer mortally wounded at the same time.

On the following day we were employed in landing the remainder of the army, and such guns, stores, and provisions, as were immediately required. Information having been received, that the enemy had advanced a corps on the road from Cornelis, to within a few miles of Chillinching, Colonel Gillespie was detached with part of the advance to observe them, but returned the same evening, having proved that the information was incorrect. In this short excursion the men suffered much

from fatigue and the heat of the weather; which plainly showed that, although in appearance the health of the troops was not diminished, yet, in point of actual efficiency for the labours of a campaign, they had suffered much from their diet and long confinement on board ship. This applied still more to the horses, which, though they appeared fat and in good condition, were so weak, and withal so unruly, as to be of little use in the state in which they were. My horse actually staggered under me when I first mounted him, and it was some days before he regained the free use of his limbs. However, as the spot afforded abundant supplies of fresh provisions for the men, and forage for the cattle, a few days might be expected to restore the army to its full tone and vigour. Certainly there could not be a finer body of men, both as to discipline and appearance.

On our landing, the inhabitants of Chillinching, which is a Chinese village, came down the beach to greet our arrival; and, from that period, they not only continued to occupy their houses, but employed themselves in bringing from the country supplies of fresh provisions. As we marched through the village, we saw the shops open, and coffee ready made for those who chose to partake of it. This unusual sight could not but be gratifying to us, particularly to such as had served only in India, where the inhabitants in general, considering both parties as their foes, endeavour to conceal their property by every means which their natural ingenuity can suggest.

In consequence of the difficulties that would have attended the advance by the direct road to Cornelis, as well from the nature of that road and of the country through which we should have to pass, as from the impossibility of procuring the means of transporting our provisions and stores, the Commander-in-chief resolved upon occupying Batavia, where he expected to find ample resourses for the future operations of the army. With this view, the line, under General Wetherall, moved on the 6th, and took up a position two or three miles farther advanced on the road to Batavia.

In the course of the day we reconnoitred as far as the Antchol river, and found the country between that and us completely clear; but the bridge had been destroyed by the enemy, who still occupied the opposite bank, apparently with the intention of disputing the passage. In the afternoon Colonel Gillespie, with the advance, moved on to Tanjong Priok, about six miles from Batavia, and the reserve occupied Chillinching, where the head-quarters remained.

On this night Captain Dixon, one of Sir Samuel's aid-de-camps, and myself, were directed to ascertain the practicability of fording the Antchol river at the mouth, where there is generally a bar. For this purpose we went on board the Leda frigate, whose boats landed us after dark. We found the passage impracticable, and, in the attempt to ford the river, stuck so fast in mud, of which the bar was composed, that it was with the greatest difficulty we extricated ourselves. Had it not been for some fishing stakes on the spot, by which we were enabled to support ourselves in some degree, we must have been drowned; for there was not depth of water enough to admit of our swimming. We presented most laughable figures when we came forth all black from head to foot. Having washed ourselves well before we returned on board the Leda, and having given our wet clothes to be dried in the galley, we retired to rest on some flags spread on the deck of the Captain's cabin. But even this hard berth we were not allowed to enjoy long; for, at midnight, we were awakened to see an extensive fire in the town of Batavia, which proved to be the conflagration of the principal spice magazines, which the enemy had thus wantonly destroyed, to prevent their falling into our hands. The air, even at the distance we lay, was quite perfumed by the smoke, which, however agreeable to our olfactory nerves, was by no means so in other respects; for though, as some hero once observed, the smell of a dead enemy is the most pleasant odour in nature, yet the perfume arising from burning spices, by which we expected to make our fortune, was any thing but delightful.

As it was judged of importance to gain possession of Batavia as soon as possible, the advance moved on a little after sunset on the 7th, for the purpose of forcing a passage across the Antchol river. To effect this the flat-bottomed boats were soon after dark to be brought to the mouth of the river, where the enemy appeared not to have any post; and the gun-boats and artillery were to be in readiness, if necessary, to cover the transportation of the troops. These precautions were, however, rendered unnecessary; for, finding no enemy to oppose us, the boats moved up as far as the site of the former bridge, where, a temporary bridge having been formed, the whole of the advance was crossed before 8 P. M., and Colonel Gillespie proceeded as far as the suburbs of Batavia, where he posted himself for the night. It was found that the enemy had that morning abandoned the post on the Antchol river.

On the following morning we took possession of the town of Batavia, which the enemy had evacuated without making a single effort for its defence. To us, not acquainted with views of General Jansens, it appeared strange that he had not attempted to oppose our advance from Chillinching; for no country could have afforded more advantages to a defensive army. Had he endeavoured to dispute the passage of the Antchol river with a considerable part of his army, we certainly could not have effected it but by first getting into his rear by making ourselves masters of Batavia, which, in that situation could have been accomplished only by an attack from the sea.

On entering the town we found the populace in the act of plundering the magazines of coffee and sugar, which had been thrown open to them previously to our arrival. In the general scramble which took place, such a quantity had been wasted that the streets adjacent to the stores were literally covered with sugar and coffee. It was a sight to have made an English washerwoman weep. What, thought I, would our house-wives have given for only the sweepings of the streets! This, with the burning of the spice magazines, was a wanton

act on the part of the enemy. It could have been of no possible benefit to them, nor injury to us, in a military point of view; neither could it have retarded, in the remotest degree, the reduction of the Island. They thought, perhaps, to diminish our zeal by reducing the value of the prize; but, in doing this, they stirred up a feeling fully adequate to supply its place, that of revenge.

At night our troops in the town were put on the alert by a feint or attempt, on the part of the enemy, to regain possession of it. The advanced sentries reported that they distinctly saw a heavy column advancing through the southern suburbs. Having discharged their pieces, they retired within the gates, and the draw-bridge was raised. Colonel Gillespie made a sally from the east gate, intending to take the enemy in flank; but they had retired previously to his reaching the south gate. The next morning the body of one of their troopers was discovered not far from the spot where our advanced sentry was posted. The man who shot him was promoted for his steady conduct. We afterwards learned that this was a preconcerted plan to dislodge us from the town, as it was conceived that we had only two or three companies there. On approaching the point of attack, I suppose, their hearts failed them; or probably they were apprized that, although we had only two hundred men in the town that morning, yet these had been considerably reinforced before night. In the course of this day a bridge of boats was thrown across the river, and the following morning the line crossed, and took up their quarters in the suburbs of Batavia, the reserve remaining at Chillinching. This morning the Scipio arrived, and anchored off Tanjong Priok; and shortly afterwards Admiral Stopford had an interview with Sir Samuel Auchmuty. In the course of the day many of the men of war and transports dropped down and anchored off Batavia.

CHAPTER IV.

The Advance reaches the Cantonments of Weltefreeden.—Affair with the Enemy.—Colonel Gillespie.—Anecdotes connected with the affair.—Advance near to the Enemy's Position at Cornelis.—-Position described.—-Batteries erected against it -—Threatened inundation of our Trenches.—Sortie of the Enemy. Batteries open.—Excellent practice of our Artillery.—Ridiculous Adventure from a Shell.

At three A. M. the whole of the army, excepting the reserve, which remained at Chillinching, was put in motion. The advance reached the cantonments of Weltefreeden by day-break, without experiencing any opposition from the enemy, whose patroles retired at our approach.

Having received information that the enemy were posted in the neighbourhood on the road to Cornelis, Colonel Gillespie availed himself of the permission given him to attack them, and immediately made his dispositions for that purpose.

The enemy were posted with their right to the Slokan rivulet, and their left to the Great River. Their position was concealed by large pepper plantations, except immediately on their right, through which ran the road to Cornelis, where they had formed an abattiss, behind which their guns were posted. We advanced from the cantonment in two columns, one column taking the high-road to Cornelis, towards the right of the enemy's position, and the other proceeding by a road pointing towards their left, which, however, was found to go no farther than within musket-shot of the enemy's line, where it joined a cross-road, which connected it with that by which the other column advanced. As soon as the left

column had reached the cross-road, it was received by a smart fire of guns and musketry from behind the abatis. Both columns then deployed on the cross-road, and two horse-artillery guns were brought up to answer the fire of the enemy; while our light infantry entered the pepper-grounds, and began to skirmish with the enemy's *tirailleurs*, whom they soon drove back. A heavy fire now commenced from the whole of the enemy's front; it therefore became necessary to move on to the attack without delay. But as this could not be done by an advance in line, Colonel Gillespie resolved on making a bold push to gain their guns, which, with the enemy's right wing, were more advanced than the rest of their line. He accordingly directed Major Butler, with his detachment of the 89th, to enter the enclosures a little to the left of the enemy's guns, and to endeavour to take them in flank. This was effected in the most gallant style by Major Butler, who with his small party charged the guns, although supported by a considerable body of infantry and cavalry. The remainder of the advance immediately moved up to the support of the 89th, and secured the victory. The line, with Sir Samuel, had by this time come up, having marched from the Antchol river, about the same time that Colonel Gillespie moved from Batavia. They joined the advance just in time to check a heavy column of infantry, which had left the lines of Cornelis for the purpose of supporting their advanced post. We continued the pursuit as far as the enemy's position, but, by some mistake, the cavalry did not arrive in time; so that they had the mortification to see the enemy enter their entrenchments just as they supposed them within their reach. As our cavalry and advanced troops approached very near to the enemy's lines in the pursuit, they were fired at smartly from the redoubts, but fortunately without experiencing much loss. Our loss in this day's affair amounted to about 25 killed and 65 wounded. That of the enemy was estimated at about 300 *hors de combat*. Among their wounded was General Alberti, chief of the staff. The manner in which he received his wound is somewhat extraordinary.

While endeavouring to rally his broken troops, he rode up to a small party of the 89th, whom, being dressed in green, he mistook for his own troops, and began to reproach them, for making, as he supposed, a retrogade movement, to which all the answer he received was a shot through his body. The cool bravery of a Bengal sepoy in this action is worthy of being recorded. In the pursuit he had singled out one of the enemy's European grenadiers, who, finding that his opponent was a black man, faced about, and having fired his musket at him, charged him with his bayonet. The gallant Rajpoot received him in a similar manner, and buried his bayonet in his body. An officer of one of the European regiments, who witnessed the conflict at a distance, on coming up, asked the sepoy if he was not loaded: "Yes," said he, "but our officer told us not to fire."

After the action, two European regiments, and a battalion of sepoys, occupied a position within about a mile of the enemy's entrenchments, and our picquets were advanced, under cover of the pepper-grounds, to within 800 yards of their nearest redoubt. The remainder of the troops retired to Weltefreeden, where the head-quarters were established. These cantonments, which are upon a very grand scale, afforded excellent accommodation for the troops. We found no want of such supplies as the country afforded; and, from the facility of water-carriage, we were enabled to receive our stores and provisions from the fleet without inconvenience.

On the following morning the reserve, under Colonel Wood, joined the army, having marched from Chillinching during the night. Two companies of marines and five companies of sepoys formed the garrison of Batavia, under the command of Captain Mears, to whose unremitting exertions and knowledge of the Malay language we were indebted for a prompt application of the resources of the place.

Before I proceed to detail our further operations, it is proper that I should give some description of the enemy's fortified position of Cornelis. It consisted of a parallelogram about a mile and a half in length, by about 800

yards in breadth, lying between what was called the Great River and the Slokan rivulet, which ran parallel with each other, and were connected at each end of the position by a deep ditch, or cut. Behind each of these cuts, at a short distance, were regular entrenchments extending from river to river; and along the bank of the Slokan, as well as at the two ends of the position, strong square redoubts were placed at regular distances. About the middle of the lines was a small brick fort, which served as a kind of citadel; and outside the Slokan, nearly opposite to the centre of the position, was an advanced redoubt for the purpose of securing a rising ground which commanded a part of the lines. This position ran nearly north and south; and we approached it on the north end.

No-time was lost in making the necessary reconnoissances; from which it appeared to us that the position was most formidable, both from the difficulty of getting at it, and of the construction of the works by which it was defended, which every report agreed in representing to have been executed upon the best principles of the art. There was, however, one disadvantage attending their position, namely, that if we chose to open batteries against it, which a ready communication with our fleet would enable us to do without much difficulty, we should either make the situation of their army so warm, that they would be compelled to quit their lines and meet us in the open country, or else we should so damage their works as to render them assailable. Upon this course, therefore, the commander-in-chief resolved, not judging it prudent to hazard an assault in the present state of things. The engineers were accordingly directed to prepare the necessary materials with the utmost dispatch, while the ordnance department were employed in landing the battering train and stores required for a siege.

Major Ule, with the flank battalion of the reserve, was posted at the village of Pala-ambang, about four miles from Batavia, on the western road to Buytenzorg, as well for the purpose of preventing any communication between the town and the enemy's position by the bridge

which entered their lines at Campong Malayo, as to protect a large market held at the former place twice a week, and which ever afterwards during our stay continued to be well supplied with provisions of all kinds.

On the 14th, we broke ground opposite to the north end of the enemy's position; where a small ditch, or drain, in the rear of our picquets, was turned into a parallel, as well to serve as a cover for our advanced posts, as to protect such works as it might be thought necessary to construct in its front.

During the 15th and 16th our working parties were employed in completing the parallel, and in opening a trench to the rear; also, in making a road through the pepper-grounds from the position occupied by our advance, in order that the guns, ammunition, and materials required for the batteries, might be transported unperceived by the enemy.

On the evening of the 17th General Jansens sent out a flag of truce with a proposal to exchange two officers of the Scipion, taken on some island to the eastward, for two of their officers made prisoners in the affair of the 16th. This was refused; and the English officers were detained, though the balance was already on our side.

Our working parties were employed as before. The enemy appeared not to notice what we were about, and only fired occasionally at our picquets, by which a few casualties occurred. We frequently pushed parties on the flanks of their position, by which their attention was diverted, while we had opportunities of reconnoitering their lines.

On the 18th a trench was opened from the parallel, to communicate with the spot intended for our principal battery; and on the 19th the parallel was extended to the left of the high road, in order to cover the troops intended for the protection of our left flank. A bridge was also thrown across the Great River near our advanced position, and a post was established on the opposite bank.

At night we were threatened with an inundation of

our trenches, which, however, proved of no consequence. The water entered by a small drain, which ran along the road leading from the enemy's position. It filled our left parallel before we could stop it ; but a dam was soon made, which prevented its further progress. We afterwards ascertained that the enemy had attempted to fill the ditch in front of their lines, connecting the Slokan and Great River, and that the surplus water had found its way into our trenches. The officer who bore the flag of truce had endeavored to impress us with a belief that they had some secret means of destroying our army without any risk to themselves, and which they would put in practice when we least expected it. Many, therefore, imagined that the threat was about to be executed, and that we should all be drowned like rats in a meadow ; never considering that the difference of level between the Great River and the Slokan, from which the supposed deluge was to come, and which was in fact nothing but a deep canal, to bring the water from a higher level for the purpose of irrigation, precluded the possibility of the country being inundated.

On the 20th, just after sunset, we began the erection of three batteries ; one for twelve eighteen-pounders, another for eight eighteen-pounders, and the last for four mortars and three howitzers. We expected to have them completed before day-light, but in this we failed ; for we found it as much as we could do to complete the coffers of each.

On the following day, although the enemy must have perceived the work on which we had been employed during the night, they fired no more than usual, but appeared occupied in putting merlons to their redoubts, the guns of which were hitherto *en barbette*. In the evening 500 seamen, under the command of Captain Sayer, were landed from the squadron, to assist in working the guns. In the course of the night we completed our batteries ; the enemy meanwhile fired smartly at us, but without much effect.

Just before day-break of the 22d our advanced posts were suddenly attacked. A strong body of the enemy

advanced to turn the left of our trenches, while another attempted to gain possession of our batteries in front. The first party in some degree succeeded in their object, and were for a short time in possession of our eight gun and mortar batteries; but the 69th regiment and part of one of the Bengal battalions soon compelled them to relinquish their temporary advantage. The body which advanced in front against our principal battery had not the same success as their comrades on the left. On their approach, the artillery and seamen, who were employed in preparing the guns for action, retired into the trenches. As the covering parties were huddled together in a most unmilitary manner, this retreat caused much confusion, and it was some time before a body of troops could be collected to occupy the battery. This was at last effected by a small party of the 59th regiment, which had been employed as a working-party during the night. These men flew to their arms on the alarm, and obeyed the first summons to advance. They reached the battery just in time to prevent its being occupied by the enemy, whom they repulsed as they were about to enter it. This column, as we afterwards learned, came provided with nails to spike our guns, which fate our other batteries escaped, for want, I suppose, of the necessary implements.

This attack appears to have been well concerted, and had it been carried into effect with equal spirit, it might have been productive of great mischief to us. The party which turned our left had been posted on the opposite bank of the Slokan during the night, and, at the signal for the attack, crossed the rivulet by a dam a little in the rear of our trenches, which, with the assistance of a few planks, they had rendered passable. It was great neglect in us not to have a picquet at this spot. As soon as the enemy had retired they began to cannonade our works very smartly; their fire was answered by only eight of our guns, as the rest could not be worked from some deficiency in the platforms. About 10 A. M. our guns ceased firing, when the enemy also de-

sisted, apparently as anxious to complete their works as we were.

In the course of the night we opened a trench to connect the three batteries, and constructed magazines behind each. Our loss in killed and wounded in the course of the day was severe, particularly in officers, who, in endeavouring to restore order after the confusion caused by the enemy's attack, exposed themselves a good deal to the fire of the redoubts. Lieutenant-Colonel Clarges, of the 69th, received so severe a wound as to cause his death a few days afterwards, and Lieutenant M'Leod of the pioneers, was shot by one of our men, who, from his dress, mistook him for an enemy. Captain Stopford, of the navy, lost his arm by a cannon-shot.

On the 23d little was done on our part. Our batteries did not open for want of pintles, which formed an essential article in the platforms in use. We were compelled to make new ones, as those brought from Madras were found not to answer the gun-carriages which came from Bengal. It is true, the batteries might have continued firing from the 22d ; but the Commander-in-chief was determined that they should not again open until every thing was reported to be in a complete state of readiness, in order to overpower the enemy by a continued and well-directed fire.

It was not, therefore, till the 24th that we opened our batteries in earnest. Their fire was answered briskly by the enemy from about 30 pieces ; but though they fired with more rapidity than we did, the superior management of our guns was such that it was soon manifest which side had the advantage. In less than a quarter of an hour after we commenced firing, their left redoubt was silenced ; but, as only one or two of the embrasures of the twelve-gun battery could bear on the other redoubts, the eight-gun battery had to sustain the brunt of the enemy's fire. Towards noon we slackened our fire, to allow the guns to cool ; when the enemy, thinking, I suppose, that we had given in, recommenced with redoubled vigour. But this bravado did not last long ; for, having altered some of the embrasures of the

twelve-gun battery, we again plied them so briskly that at sunset they could scarcely return us a shot. We had three or four guns dismounted in our batteries during the day, and two officers, Lieutenant Patton of the royal artillery, and Lieutenant Shephard of the pioneers, killed; besides several artillery-men and sailors killed and wounded. Our loss, however, was not so great as might have been expected from the many guns the enemy had opposed to us.

Proceeding to the front along with the Commander-in-chief during the cannonade, we met an artillery-man going to the rear by himself, with only one arm left, the other having been just carried off by a cannon-shot. This fine fellow stopped when he came abreast of us, and deliberately saluted the General with his remaining arm. I ought to add, in order to satisfy the sceptical reader, that the wound had previously been dressed in the trenches.

On the 25th, about six A. M. we re-commenced our fire, when our superiority was more evident than the day before. At noon the enemy, as usual, increased their fire as we slackened. Before dark, however, they were completely silenced. Their guns appeared to be all dismounted, or otherwise disabled, and their merlons bore evident marks of our well-directed fire. Our batteries were also a good deal cut up; but fortunately we had not many casualties. Lieutenant Farnaby, of the Bengal Artillery, was killed; and Captain Richards, of the same corps, was wounded. Our loss in men was not so great as on the preceding day.

While I was in one of the batteries, a shell from the enemy's lines fell directly in the middle of it; when, as usual, every one threw himself flat on his face to avoid the effects of the explosion. We remained in this posture for about a minute, expecting the shell to burst every second; when at last one lifted up his head, and then another, till the whole, bursting out into a laugh, jumped up on their legs, and resumed their occupations. The shell had fallen blind.

CHAPTER V.

Arrangements for the Attack of the Enemy's Lines.—Attack.—A party of our Troops blown up in one of the Redoubts.—The Author's miraculous Escape.—Unexpected success of the Attack. Entire destruction of the Enemy's Force.—Anecdotes connected with the Attack.

As our principal object in opening batteries appeared to have been effected, inasmuch as we had considerably damaged the enemy's works, and disabled a great portion of their artillery, the Commander-in-chief now resolved upon storming their entrenchments. The following arrangements for the attack were accordingly made, but they were communicated only to the officers entrusted with the conduct of the several columns.

The principal attack was to be commanded by Colonel Gillespie, who had under him the whole of the advance, and the flank companies of the line, supported by Colonel Gibbs, with the 59th regiment and the 4th battalion of Bengal Volunteers. This column was to proceed by a road which led to the east side of the enemy's position. Colonel Gillespie was first to attack the redoubt situated to the eastward of the Slokan; and, having taken it, he was to push for the bridge leading thence into the centre of the enemy's position, and endeavour to cross it before its destruction could be effected. Having succeeded in this, he was to proceed to the assault of the other redoubts as he should judge most expedient.

The second column, under Colonel M'Leod, composed of six companies of the 69th regiment, and the 6th battalion of Bengal Volunteers, was to follow the course of the Great River, and endeavour to force the

enemy's entrenchments close to their junction with the river, where it was supposed the ditch might be crossed without much difficulty, particularly as the fraises which lined it, and the palisading on the dam, were a good deal injured by our fire.

The third column, commanded by Colonel Wood, composed of the 78th regiment and the 5th battalion of Bengal Volunteers, was to advance along the left bank of the Slokan, and endeavour to penetrate the lines by crossing the ditch at its junction with the rivulet.

The fourth column, under Major Ule, composed of the flank battalion of the reserve, two companies of the 69th, a squadron of the 22d dragoons, and four horse artillery guns, was to advance from the position which the Major occupied at Pala-ambang, to attack the post at Campong Malayo, and, if possible, to enter the enemy's position by the bridge which crossed the Great River at that spot.

The remainder of the force, consisting of the 14th regiment, the 3d Bengal volunteers, part of the 20th Bengal regiment, two squadrons of dragoons, four horse artillery guns, besides foot artillery, seamen, &c. were formed in the trenches as a reserve, under the command of Major-General Wetherall. Here likewise the Commander-in-chief took his station, that he might be in a situation to communicate his orders to the several columns.

As the divisions under the command of Colonel Gillespie and Major Ule had a considerable distance to march before they could reach their points of attack, both these columns moved off their ground about midnight.

Colonel Gillespie's column crossed the Slokan by a bridge which we had formed close to our advanced post. From this bridge he had a considerable detour to make, before he could gain the road by which he was to advance on the enemy's position. This circumstance, together with the darkness of the night, and the difficulties he had to encounter in crossing the country, caused considerable delay. Happily, however, he reached the

enemy's out-posts in time to commence the attack before day-break. By request of Colonel Gillespie I accompanied his column on this occasion. Having been up for several successive nights, taking my share of the duties of an engineer, whenever the column came to a halt I sank down fast asleep on the ground, which at one time had well nigh caused my being left behind; but I was, very fortunately, awakened by a soldier stumbling over me. After this I continued to be so overpowered with drowsiness, that I was compelled to keep a man at my side to rouse me, whenever the column resumed its march. It would have been a pretty business if, during the attack, I had been found some miles off fast asleep in the road.

On approaching the enemy's lines the road was found to be cut through in several places; but this proved a trifling obstacle to men determined to overcome every difficulty.

Headed by the rifle company of the 14th regiment, the column advanced with the utmost regularity, and preserving the most perfect silence; so that we were close to the enemy's advanced picquet before the alarm was given. On perceiving us, their advanced sentry challenged, and was answered "Patrole;" on which, without giving any alarm, he permitted us to advance close up to the picquet, which we found drawn up to the number of about sixty. Our front division having been previously formed, Colonel Gillespie gave the word, "Charge!" A few straggling shots were all the answer the enemy could make before the British bayonets were among them. Of course they could make but little opposition to so unexpected an attack: they fled with precipitation, leaving several dead on the ground, and their officer badly wounded. Our column continued to advance rapidly, but in good order, and in less than a minute after the first alarm was given we were in possession of the advanced redoubt. Although this work was crowded with troops, they were so appalled by this sudden and spirited attack, that the assailants experienced but little resistance. Besides the troops stationed

in this redoubt, there was a large body drawn up outside the Slokan, with their left on the redoubt. This party was attacked at the same time, and driven across the rivulet. Colonel Gillespie, knowing the importance of getting possession of the bridge, before the enemy could have time to destroy it, pushed on rapidly with the head of the column, and crossed it under a tremendous fire of musketry and grape, field-pieces having been planted by the enemy in such a position as to rake the bridge. The Colonel's attention was next directed to the nearest redoubt on his left, after crossing the Slokan, from which a galling fire was kept up on our troops. This was attacked in the same gallant manner as the first; but the enemy being now on their guard, the resistance was greater, and its capture, as might have been expected, cost us the lives of many brave fellows. The only point now left to secure the main object of the attack led by Colonel Gillespie, was the capture of the redoubt situated on our right after crossing the Slokan. Accordingly the Colonel advanced to attack it; but, finding that the resistance was greater than he expected, and that, from the rapidity of his advance, only a small part of the column had been able to keep up with him, he resolved to await the arrival of fresh troops before he renewed the assault. In a few minutes Colonel Gibbs, with his part of the column, arrived, and we were soon in possession of the redoubt. I recollect in particular at the assault of this work, which we attacked on its rear face, where the defences had not been injured by our artillery, that it took a little time before a sufficient number of men could make their way over the fraises, during which the leading ones lay snug on the berm, the redoubts possessing no flank defences to molest them. While the gallant but ill-fated assailants were congratulating each other on the success of their undertaking, the magazine of the redoubt blew up. The explosion was dreadful in appearance, but still more so in effect, for out of about 100 officers and men who were present, scarcely any escaped unhurt. Having been myself in the redoubt at the time, I shall

attempt to describe the effect it had on me. The shock raised me several feet in the air, and then threw me down on my face almost deprived of sense and breath. The first thought that suggested itself to me, on recovering my ideas, was that I had been killed, and was then actually suffering for my sins in the infernal regions; and it was some time before the cloud of dust and sulphur would permit me to recognize any object that could lead me to suppose that I was still an inhabitant of this terrestrial globe; while the shower of stones, dirt, and timber, which kept descending from their vertical flight, caused me to expect that, if I were still in the land of the living, I should not long continue so. As soon as the atmosphere had cleared, so as to admit of our looking around us, it was truly melancholy to see the shattered remains of our brave companions bestrewing the ground in all directions; and not the least distressing sensation experienced by the survivors, was the expectation that the enemy would take advantage of our situation to regain their lost ground; which they might easily have effected, for there was in the redoubt not a soul who, for some time after the explosion, could have made an effort for its defence. Colonel Gibbs and myself were the only persons present who were not either killed or seriously wounded. We owed this miraculous escape, I believe, principally to our having been standing at the time on a platform, which, being raised bodily up, protected us from the force of the powder. It is an extraordinary fact that, though the explosion was heard by ships a considerable distance at sea, I do not recollect to have heard any noise on the occasion. It was exactly the same with Colonel Gibbs.

Having detailed the operation of Colonel Gillespie's column, as far as it acted independently of the others, it remains to relate the progress of the other attacks, which were undertaken more to distract the enemy than with any expectation that they would be able to penetrate the lines. The firing on Colonel Gillespie's division was the signal for their advance.

Colonel M'Leod, after meeting with considerable re-

sistance from the enemy, succeeded in passing the ditch close to the Great River ; and, having driven the enemy from the entrenchments in that quarter, he carried the nearest redoubt in the most gallant manner, just as our redoubt blew up. Here Colonel M'Leod closed his career of honour. Victory, which had often cheered him while living, spoke peace to his parting soul. He was a gallant and a good officer, and had commanded the 76th regiment in their distinguished campaigns under Lord Lake in the Deccan.

The column under Colonel Wood, owing to the difficulty it experienced in forcing a passage across the ditch, as there was no dam at that spot to assist it, had not the same success as that under Colonel M'Leod. A part, however, having scrambled over, drove the enemy from the entrenchments in front of the redoubt that was blown up, about the time that it was taken by Colonel Gibbs. In this attack fell Colonel Campbell of the 78th regiment.

The column commanded by Major Ule reached Campong Malayo just in time to commence its attack, as soon as it was apprized by the firing that Colonel Gillespie was engaged with the enemy. Major Ule found no difficulty in dislodging the enemy from their position on the left bank of the Great River ; but could not pursue them so closely as to prevent their setting fire to the bridge, for which they had combustibles ready prepared. The chief object, however, of this attack was accomplished, in causing an alarm in the enemy's rear, and in cutting off their retreat by the western road to Buytenzorg.

The enemy, having been driven from their advanced redoubts, formed such of their troops as they could collect near the fort of Cornelis, supported by a number of field-pieces. In this position they resisted for some time the attack of our troops, who advanced against them in a confused and irregular manner, suffering much from their fire, which was at this time particularly severe. But the advance of fresh troops from our trenches soon compelled the enemy to give way, when

they abandoned all their remaining works, and commenced their retreat by the road to Buytenzorg. In the interim, a passage having been made across the ditch, the cavalry was enabled to cross and join in the pursuit. About a mile from the lines they came up with the rear of the enemy's column, which they immediately attacked and dispersed. Following up their success, they cut their way to the head of the column, making prisoners of nearly the whole of the enemy's army. A few got off by swimming across the Slokan; among these were General Jansens, and his second in command, both of whom very narrowly escaped the fate of their companions. The enemy were so panic-struck at the appearance and intrepidity of our small party of cavalry, that they made but a slight resistance, in some instances surrendering themselves in large bodies on the approach of a few dragoons.

Thus was effected the almost total annihilation of the enemy's army, which, at the time we attacked it, was at least 10,000 strong, without reckoning part of their cavalry and horse artillery which were posted some miles off. Of this number about 1,500 were slain, and about 6,000 wounded or taken prisoners, besides the whole of their sick, who were found in their hospital at Tanjong West. Among the prisoners were about 400 officers, and 1,000 Europeans, most of whom had lately arrived.

Our success certainly would not have been near so complete, but for the gallantry of our cavalry and the misconduct of our enemy, who, with proper dispositions, and a little steadiness, might have made a good retreat, having a river on each flank of the road by which they retired, and but a small front to defend.

CHAPTER VI.

Difficulties considered.—Description of the enemy's Force.—Sail, and land at Samarang—Attack of the Enemy's position near that place.—Anecdotes connected with the Attack.—Surrender of the Island.—General Jansens.—General Daendels.—Some description of Java and Batavia.—Habits of the Dutch Inhabitants.—Buytenzorg.—Curious Bridges.—Dr. Leyden.—His death.

When we came leisurely to view the natural as well as artificial defences of the position of Cornelis, we could not but be astonished at the difficulties we had overcome. The lines, as we were informed, were planned by General Daendels, and no pains had been spared to render them as perfect as field works could be. Nevertheless, though extremely formidable in appearance, there was one defect in the construction of their redoubts, which will serve to account, in some degree, for the facility with which we captured them. This was, that the fraises, or horizontal palisades, with which the ditches were lined, were made of such thick wood, that when they came to be sharpened, the points were so far asunder that a man could easily shove his body between them. But the principal fault committed was that of having left a permanent communication between their advanced redoubt beyond the Slokan and the body of their position. The only excuse that can be made for such a blunder is, that they might have supposed that the capture of their advanced redoubt would have taken us long enough to give them time to destroy the bridge, which was made of bamboo only. Though we had been assured by a deserter, who acted as our guide on the occasion, and who certainly acquitted himself to the full extent of his professions, that a permanent bridge did exist, I could not bring myself to credit it;

so that I was not sanguine enough to expect that our column would do more than get possession of the redoubt beyond the Slokan. This, with the possession of the post of Campong Malayo, would have compelled the enemy to abandon their position or to act on the offensive. Fortunately, however, the result of the attack was such as to decide the contest at once; for, had the enemy's army remained unbroken, and the campaign been protracted till the rainy season, its success would have been doubtful.

Our loss, as may be supposed, was severe. In the whole operations of the force, from the time we landed to the fall of Cornelis, we had 150 killed, 20 of whom were officers, and 800 wounded, among whom were 64 officers.

In going over the enemy's works afterwards, I was surprised to see the number of guns that had been dismounted by the fire of our batteries. They actually amounted to more than they had embrasures for; and I counted not fewer than eight pieces with fresh shot-marks in the muzzle—a substantial proof of the excellent practice of our artillery. Indeed, the Company's artillery has always been considered very good. They may not have quite so much science, as their brethren of that arm in His Majesty's service, but they have always had plenty of "practice," which "makes perfect." After the whole business was over, General Jansens acknowledged, in my hearing, that we had put 500 of his artillerymen *hors de combat*, before we assaulted the lines. But, besides this, our shot and shells must have done dreadful execution in their camp; for every ball that missed the redoubts must have *ricochetted* down their position. They had raised a large traverse to cover their principal magazine, but several of our shot had, nevertheless, penetrated the walls, and some had actually gone through whole barrels of powder, without causing them to explode—a circumstance which I could hardly have believed, if I had not seen the marks. Indeed, so hot did we make their situation, that we afterwards learned it was General Jansens' in-

tention, had our attack been deferred another day, either to have retreated towards Buytenzorg, or to have attacked our army.

Sir Samuel Auchmuty, conceiving that General Jansens would not think of holding out any longer after the entire defeat and dispersion of his army, on the evening of the 25th sent Captain Robinson, one of Lord Minto's aid-de-camps, to Buytenzorg, a place about thirty miles off, to which, as we were informed, the remains of the enemy's army had retreated, with an offer of honourable terms. These, however, General Jansens politely declined, stating that he had still resources left, to which it was his duty to resort.

The whole force opposed to us at this point amounted to about 2,000 cavalry, 10,000 infantry, and 1,000 artillery; of this number including officers, about 2,000 might be Europeans. It had been organized and disciplined by General Daendels, in a very efficient manner. Excepting what formed a few companies of grenadiers, the Europeans were dispersed among the black battalions, a certain number being allotted to each company. This was, I think, a good plan, as the natives of the Eastern Archipelago are in general Mussulmans, not very strict in their tenets, and possessing few prejudices, like those of our sepoys, to prevent their mixing with Europeans. The cavalry was mounted on ponies, the only race of horses on the island, but of a distinct breed from any I have seen elsewhere, extremely well shaped and active. Viewed from a distance, when you could not judge of the size of the quadrupeds, their cavalry appeared very formidable; but when our dragoons came to close quarters with them, they rode over them just as if they had been mounted on rats. Their regiments were, I believe, chiefly recruited by slaves purchased at Macassar, or in some of the neighbouring islands; as probably the Dutch could not depend sufficiently on the natives of Java. These are a distinct people from the Malays, though no doubt originally from the same stock. Neither in appearance nor character do they possess the ferocity of that race.

The troops were well clothed and armed, and I believe tolerably well disciplined; and if they did not display much active courage in their contest with us, they at least evinced considerable patience, if not resolution, in standing the fire of our artillery; while our loss betokened the brisk and well directed fire which they kept up from behind their works. But to have attempted to face our troops in the open field would have been ridiculous.

After remaining a short time at Weltefreeden, Sir Samuel, understanding that General Jansens had retired to the neighbourhood of Samarang, where, with the assistance of one the native princes, he was endeavouring to collect a force to oppose us, resolved to proceed thither with part of the army. The 14th and 59th regiments, with a detail of artillery, were accordingly embarked in some men of war, and sailed for that station. I accompanied the Commander-in-chief in the Modeste, where I was attacked by a dysentery, the consequence of exposure and the hardships which I had undergone in our operations against Cornelis, which complaint did not leave me till I had been some days ashore.

The enemy made no attempt to defend the town of Samarang, although surrounded by a wall; but were, we heard, busily employed in fortifying a hill about five or six miles inland.

After remaining a few days here to collect our force, and to make the necessary preparations, we advanced about two o'clock in the morning to attack the enemy's position, of which we came in sight just before daybreak. It had then certainly a most formidable appearance; but as the mist of the morning cleared away, we perceived that the hill was by no means so difficult of ascent as we supposed. Two columns of attack were immediately formed, and though opposed by several pieces of artillery, and numerous intrenchments, they soon carried the position with a trifling loss. The enemy had very few regular troops there; the position being occupied principally by the troops of their ally, the King of Solo, whose capital was at some distance

inland. His Highness' troops showed so little disposition to fight, that a large body of his cavalry, who made a very formidable appearance, with their large cocked hats and long spears, were actually brought to bay by Captain Dickson, one of Sir Samuel's aid-de-camps, alone, and afterwards pursued for some miles, by him and myself, without their having attempted to turn upon us. This body having made its appearance rather suddenly in our front, after we had carried the hill, I was sent by Sir Samuel to desire our light infantry to open a fire on them; when, on communicating the order to a serjeant whom I met, he said that he could not, "for there was the aid-de-camp a-licking of them."

We followed the enemy for about ten miles farther, passing several entrenchments which they had thrown up on the road, but which they had abandoned, almost without discharging the guns that were in them, till we reached a small fort, the name of which I forget, but which surrendered on being summoned. Here we halted for the day, as the troops had marched a considerable distance.

After this affair, which completed the defeat and dispersion of his forces, General Jansens retired to the capital of his ally, where, finding himself almost "*solus cum Solo*," early on the following morning he sent a flag of truce, with proposals to capitulate for the surrender of the island. The Commander-in-chief very properly would hear of nothing but an unconditional surrender; for what could General Jansens expect, after he had exhausted every means of defence? Nevertheless I believe Sir Samuel would not have driven him so hard, if it had not been for his wonton destruction of the spice-magazines at Batavia. Hostilities having ceased, we retired to Samarang, leaving a small party in possession of the post which we had captured.

Shortly after this General Jansens came in, and surrendered himself and remaining troops prisoners of war, agreeably to the terms. They were, of course, treated in every respect as it became generous conquerors to behave towards men who had conducted themselves

with bravery. Jansens had, I believe, exerted himself for the defence of the island to the utmost of his means and abilities; but it is a question whether his predecessor, Daendels, would not have displayed more activity, and whether, with his superior talents and knowledge of the resources of the country, he would not have put us to considerably more trouble in its conquest. This Daendels left behind him a character for energy, but at the same time for brutality and tyranny; qualities which, unfortunately for mankind, are but too often found associated in the same person. He was in short a true child of the French Revolution. The stories that were told by the old Dutch inhabitants, (who were not very favourable to the Buonapartean system,) of his sensuality and want of principle almost exceed belief. General Jansens, on the contrary, was a mild, gentlemanly officer, and ill calculated to wield the weapons prepared by such a hand.

The finishing stroke being thus put to the conquest of the Island, we set sail for Batavia, in order that Sir Samuel might prepare for returning to his station of Commander-in-chief at Madras.

Having accompanied Sir Samuel on his return, I did not remain long enough in Java to be able to give a satisfactory description of the Island or its inhabitants; I must, therefore, beg to refer the reader, requiring information on these points, to the work of Sir Stamford Raffles. All I shall say on the subject is, that it appeared, in point of natural productions, superior to any part of our eastern possessions which I had visited; that the climate, excepting in Batavia and its immediate vicinity, was salubrious; and that, unless we already possessed more territory than we knew what to do with, it is a pity that we gave it up to the Dutch.

As it may be supposed, one of the first things we did, when we had leisure to look around us, was to make inquiries for the far-famed Upas tree; but of no such production could we hear. The only circumstances which could have furnished the least ground for such a fable, was the fact that there is a vegetable growing on the

Island, with the juice of which the natives used to poison their weapons, a custom still prevalent among the Malays.

The insalubrity of Batavia originates, I believe, chiefly in the quantity of mud which keeps gradually accumulating in the roadstead contiguous to it, as well as in the number of stagnant canals with which the streets are intersected, forming so many depositories for the filth of the city: in fact, it is owing principally to the Dutch having attempted to pursue the *frog* system in a tropical climate. The town is large, and the European part of it well built. It contains a numerous colony of Chinese, who inhabit a distinct quarter. These, as well as the natives, seem not to suffer from the climate as the Europeans do. It would not appear that Batavia has always been so unhealthy as of late years. This may be owing to the increased accumulation of mud in the harbour, and of filth in the canals, which I have already mentioned. Now, however, it is almost entirely abandoned by the Europeans for the pleasanter and more salubrious residence of Weltefreeden, about six miles distant, to which the seat of Government has been removed, and where the principal Dutch have their habitations. Many of the houses here are built in a style of comfort and magnificence superior to what I have seen in our part of India; but the Dutchman makes himself more at home in a foreign land than the Englishman, who, in whatever part of the globe he may be, looks to home as the haven of his hopes. It is among the females, however, that the difference in habits is the most apparent. An Englishwoman, or even one born of an English parent, never gives up her English habits, although the climate may compel her to less activity; but a Dutch frow adopts the Eastern customs, and almost the dress, spending her time chiefly among numerous bands of female slaves, of whom every woman of rank or fortune has a considerable bevy. These girls are generally brought from some of the Islands to the north-eastward of Java. They are fair, and many of them handsome. The Dutchman's

servants are, in fact, all slaves, obtained in a similar manner.

The Governor has a country house, with buildings for the accommodation of the members of the government, at a place called Buytenzorg, about forty miles from Batavia, where the climate is much cooler and more salubrious than near the coast. I visited this spot before I quitted the Island, and was much pleased with the peep I had obtained at the interior in proceeding thither.

Between that place and Weltefreeden there was a regular stage-coach established. This was drawn by the ponies of the Island, which go at a very good pace, and are driven quite in the European style by a Javanese coachman. On the road we passed several small rivers by bamboo bridges, which were nothing more than a thick matting made of strips of that wood, attached to the banks, and supported in the intermediate part by the water. This simple contrivance, which is, in fact, between a suspension and a floating bridge, answers the purpose well, being the cheapest that can be imagined, and can never be carried away, as it rises and falls with the stream.

Before we left Java we heard accounts of the death of Dr. Leyden, a man well known in the literary world, but more as the friend of Sir Walter Scott, who has dedicated to him one of his poems. He was a wonderful linguist, and an incessant talker; so that while nature supplied him with the talent of acquiring languages, she also amply furnished him with the disposition to give utterance to them. In him great learning and volubility of tongue were associated. The reverse we generally find to be the case—those who have most to communicate being commonly the most reserve, not liking, I suppose, to cast their pearls before swine. Dr. Leyden was besides a great antiquary and botanist. He died from exposure to the climate of one of the islands to the eastward; but whether in search of heathen images or botanical specimens I could never learn. He was on the medical establishment of the Madras army; but Lord

Minto, who knew how to estimate and to patronize genius, had lately attached him to his person. I once heard him call Sir William Jones, in his strong North country accent, "an *eelegant* humbug." Whether he was right in his criticism upon this celebrated author, I cannot pretend to say ; but I believe there are few of Sir William's readers who would like to be undeceived in their opinions of his acuteness as an antiquary, his veracity as an historian, or his soundness as a logician.

Having partaken of a grand dinner given by Lord Minto to the officers of the army and navy, and afterwards of a ball given to Sir Samuel Auchmuty by the military, we embarked on board the Akbar frigate, Captain Drury, and set sail for our eastern possessions.

CHAPTER VII.

The Author sails from Batavia.—Lands at Cananore.—Ascends the Western Ghauts.—Description of the Country.—Wynaad District.—Mysore.—Rajah-Purneah.—Mussulmans in India.—Anecdote of the effects of Opium.—Description of Seringapatam. Anecdotes connected with the Siege of that place.—Visit to the Ruins of the ancient City of Beejanaghur.—Hindoo Architecture. Jemmy the Barber.—Buildings of the English in India.—Character of the Natives of Hindostan.—The Author bids adieu to India.

After a pleasant voyage of three weeks we landed at Cananore, on the Malabar coast, as the season would not admit of our approaching the coast of Coromandel. Having remained there a short time to provide ourselves with camp equipage, we set off by a circuitous route for the Presidency, it being the intention of Sir Samuel to pass through some of the principal military stations, and to review the troops in his way.

The country bordering the Malabar coast is much

more picturesque than that near the coast of Coromandel. The many small rivers flowing through it, which are navigable almost up to the Ghauts, give a diversity to the scenery not to be found in the richer plains of the Carnatic.

We ascended the western Ghauts by a pass, the name of which I forget. These mountains are much more lofty than the eastern Ghauts, which may be easily inferred from the fact, that all the rivers traversing the peninsula flow from west to east. This circumstance, combined with the majestic forests, in which the lordly teak stands pre-eminent, covering the whole surface of this gigantic rampart of nature, and the numerous streams precipitated down its rugged sides, produces a grandeur in the outline, a richness in the mass, and a picturesqueness in the parts, such as are rarely associated in the same scene.

On gaining the top of the Ghauts, we found, as usual, a great alteration in the climate. Here we entered the beautiful country of Wynaad, inhabited by the Nairs, a race of people who not long before this period had been in hostility with our Government. The face of this country is beautifully diversified with hill and dale, forest and open land, which, with the verdure occasioned by its proximity to the Ghauts, which are near enough to attract the vapours of the sea, give it a superiority in point of scenery to any part of our eastern possessions that I have visited. Some enchanting spots, embosomed in forest and hills, and stodded with clumps of the graceful bamboo, which, lit up in all the brilliancy of an eastern sun, would frequently burst upon our sight as we emerged from the thick dark forest, are still fresh in my recollection. To strangers, however, the climate is by no means healthful, producing what is called by the English a jungle-fever, a kind of intermittent ague, very difficult to shake off. The same may be said of all parts of India where there is a luxuriant vegetation without a sufficient exposure to the free action of the air. The country bordering the western Ghauts in their whole extent, for about thirty miles inland, is of the character above

described. Wild beasts of almost every species to be found in Hindostan abound here; and the elephant, as in Ceylon, is an article of trade.

We halted a day or two at Mysore, the abode of the Rajah, where we were hospitably entertained by Mr. Cole, the British Resident at his Court. Sir Samuel paid his respects to his highness, a poor sickly youth of about sixteen, whose prime minister, Purneah, an old Bramin, managed all the affairs of the state. This person had been in the same capacity under Tippoo, whom he served with fidelity till his fall. He was a man of considerable talent, and, till his death, which happened not many years ago, was supported in his situation by the British Government, to whose interests he proved faithful. In India, whoever may be the rulers, that branch of the government which requires a knowledge of business generally falls into the hands of the Bramins; the ignorance or indolence of the Mussulmans unfitting them for any other than military employments. Now that there only remains the shadow of Mahomedan power in India, the followers of the prophet, whose pride prevents their seeking a livelihood from industry, are generally in the utmost state of dejection. Excepting the Nizam, or Soubah, that is, Viceroy, of the Deccan, there is scarcely a Mussulman Prince throughout India who has even the power of collecting his own revenues; and even the Nizam is altogether dependent on the British Government, whose troops he is compelled to subsidise, nominally to protect him from his enemies, but really to keep a guard upon himself, being thus made, as it were, to forge his own chains. This brings me to remark on the difference between our European and our Asiatic policy, with respect to subsidies. In the one case we have been at an enormous expense in subsidising foreigners, on whose courage and good faith we could never rely; while, on the other, we have persuaded our allies to subsidise us. I do not mean to draw a comparison between the two cases in any other way than as regards their results, the one having been almost always attended with disaster, and the other with success.

It being impossible, for the reason already stated, for the Mahomedan population to find employment under princes of their own persuasion, the majority drag out their lives in poverty and idleness. A considerable number, to be sure, take service in our armies, and some of the most learned among them support themselves as moonshees, or teachers of languages, among the British; and others are employed as causies, or expounders of the law, in the courts of justice, which have been established by us throughout our Indian possessions. It has been thought best, I do not know upon what principle, to adopt, in the administration of justice to the natives, the laws of the Mahomedans, who are as much interlopers as ourselves, when we might have extended to them the purer and more enlightened principles of British Law, with any modification that might have been deemed suited to the peculiar habits of the people. But many of these unfortunate people would rather starve than take service under our government.

Tribes of Patans, Afghans, and Moguls, the conquerors of India at different periods, are still scattered about in various parts of the Peninsula, holding themselves distinct from the aborigines; but without any visible means of subsistence. These may be easily distinguished from the Indian converts by the colour of their skins. With a few exceptions there cannot be a more melancholy sight than one of these Mahomedan towns or villages. There, existing upon pride and opium, their fair, and finely marked countenances, attenuated by misery, or rendered ferocious by despair, may be seen the descendants of once renowned warriors, clothed in long flowing but tattered robes; some wandering among the tombs of their ancestors, or amidst the monuments of their power; others seated in front of their dilapidated dwellings, attempting to smother care in the fumes of tobacco, or, under the influence of the heaven-and-hell-creating drug, treating the mind with visions of bliss at the expense of the body. These wretches, as it were, mortgage their lives for a temporary exhilaration, reckless of the horrors sure to follow a relaxation in that customary dose

which poverty must sometimes prevent their repeating. The effects of this pernicious drug have been described in a recent work by an English Opium-Eater, to the truth of which I can bear testimony from my own observation. Once I saw a wretch extended on the ground, with glazed eye and sunken features, apparently in the last stage of existence, with only just strength enough to moan out his prayers for a supply of opium. Some was given to him by a passenger, and I waited to see the effects. They were truly magical. From the time he swallowed it, the lamp of life seemed gradually to rekindle. In a few minutes his countenance became flushed and his features animated; he rose up on his haunches; he twisted his moustaches; he sprang upon his feet; he seized his wallet; and he trudged off as nimbly and as merrily as a lamp-lighter. Poor wretches! One cannot help pitying these unfortunate Mussulmans, notwithstanding the scorn with which they reject your proffered kindness, or the insult which they frequently offer to Europeans. The expression of their hatred is all that is left to them of power; and why should we quarrel with them for giving vent to it? Surely Britons can afford to forgive, particularly on the ground where they have conquered.

We stopped a few days at Seringapatam, with a complete description of which, as most of my readers have doubtless perused the histories of the wars of Hyder and Tippoo, I shall dispense. Suffice it to say, that it is a strong and extensive fortification, situated on the extremity of an island in the river Cauvery. Of this island, which is about three miles in length, by about three quarters of a mile in breadth, the East India Company retained possession, on the cession of the kingdom of Mysore to its Hindoo sovereign. It is well situated as a magazine, arsenal, and *point d'appui*, and it was, accordingly, the intention of the Court of Directors to repair and strengthen the fortifications, for which purpose several plans were sent in, and one finally approved of; but it is not as yet, to my knowledge, carried into effect. In its present state the water faces are exposed to be breached from the opposite sides of th

river, which is fordable for the greater part of the year, and it was by these means that it was taken by us in 1798. According to the plan fixed upon for its improvement, a stone glacis, covering the whole of the works next to the river, was to be laid down; this would effectually screen the walls, and render the fortress invulnerable on the water faces. The land face is already very strong, having two or three lines of walls with very deep ditches, well flanked, while, to attack it on this side, the island, which is of itself capable of being defended with a small force, must be first occupied. There is every accommodation for a large force, both in the town and on the island; but, as the situation is by no means healthful, no more troops are kept here than are necessary to protect it from a *coup de main.* A considerable arsenal, and a manufactory for gun-carriages, are here maintained. The only buildings particularly worth seeing are the palaces of Hyder and Tippoo, and the smaller tenements now occupied by their bodies. The tomb of the latter was erected by the British, and lamps still burn, and prayers are still offered up, at the shrine of those tyrants, at the expense a company of merchants, who now perform the same offices to the Great Mogul, on whose throne they are seated,—I was going to say, " into whose shoes they had stepped," but, on recollecting myself, I found that, however aptly that homely figure of speech might express my meaning, it is one by no means to be used on eastern subjects, the shoe or slipper being an article of dress never alluded to but in terms of contempt.

The Laul Baug, built by Hyder, situated at the opposite extremity of the island to that on which the fortress is placed, is the palace most worthy of notice, and is a good specimen of the style of building adopted by the Mahomedans in Hindostan, being a mixture of the Moorish and the Hindoo. As the situation of this palace is too unhealthy to allow it to be used as a dwelling, that, as well as the gardens surrounding it, which were once handsome, are suffered to go to ruin. The only thing very well worth seeing in the interior is a series

of paintings on the walls, representing the defeat of Colonel Baily's detachment, a memento rather of the hatred borne to the British by this tyrant, than of the high state of the arts in his kingdom.

A curious circumstance happened during the siege of Seringapatam, which, though it has nothing to do with my memoirs, I cannot avoid introducing here, having never seen it mentioned in print. It was told me by a friend, who was present at the siege. On the night preceding the assault, the moon rose in a crescent, with a planet or star of the first magnitude close to one of its horns, giving it the appearance of a Turkish scimitar, of which the star formed the hilt. Whether the Sultan Tippoo attempted to turn the omen to his own account I could not learn. It was fortunate for us that there were no augurs in the British camp, or it might have been interpreted as unfavourable to the proposed attack, and had that been deferred twenty-four hours, we should have been compelled to raise the siege, for on the very night succeeding the storm, the river came down so suddenly as to be rendered impassable. Already had provisions become very scarce in the British camp, and this with the approaching monsoon, would have rendered the situation of our army very critical, surrounded as it was by allies whose good faith could only be secured by success. Indeed, to such straits were they reduced for eatables of some kinds, that I heard of a cavalry officer of high rank, who, having been most unwelcomely warned by his messmate that the egg which he was about to discuss had a chicken in it, instead of checking his hungry jaws in the infanticidal act, immediately swallowed the savoury mouthful, with the exclamation, "I wish it was a goose!"

On quitting Seringapatam we bent our course towards Chittledroog, and thence proceeded to Bellary. While there we made an excursion for the purpose of visiting the ruins of the famous city of Beejanaghur, or Anagoondy, the capital of one of the Hindoo kingdoms previously to the irruption of the Mahomedans under Nadir Shah, by whom it was completely destroyed.

Numerous are the fragments of antiquity, abounding in specimens of the best style of Hindoo sculpture, which lie scattered over a surface of some miles, bespeaking its former magnificence and extent; but, excepting one street, which appears of more modern erection, no buildings remain but such as almost bid defiance to the hand of time, and to destroy which would require no small degree of labour. These chiefly consist of pagodas and choultries, many of them hewn out of the solid rock, and some consisting of large caverns lying close to the river, by which they are filled during the freshes. The interior of many of them is carved in the most elaborate manner. A set of elephant stables, in particular, attract the notice of the curious. The pillars, which are of great height, as well as the beams which connect them, are formed of single blocks of granite, and the roof is also composed of slabs of the same material.

While the religious Hindoo is content with a humble habitation for himself, composed of the most perishable materials, those edifices which he raises to the honour of the Deity approach as near to perpetuity in their durability as human works are capable of doing. No timber whatever is introduced into these buildings; they are mostly composed of huge blocks of stone, which it must have required no small ingenuity, or patience, which is fully equal to supply its place, to transport from the spot where they were hewn, as well as to fix in their places. The expiatory system among the Hindoos, like that of the Christians of old, has been the cause of innumerable edifices to the honour of God, or for the convenience of man; for it is only those who cannot propitiate the Deity, or atone for their sins by their purses, that are compelled to inflict penance on their bodies. The erection of a pagoda, a choultry, or an aqueduct, or the excavation of a tank, are generally the subjects of their vows. Every Hindoo, therefore, who has amassed a fortune, whether by fair means or foul, devotes a portion of it to some pious purpose. Even Jemmy the Barber, (whose real name I forget,) although

but a low caste Hindoo, on retiring after a life spent in the honourable office of tonsor to his Majesty's dragoons, must build his swammy house, to stand among the splendid edifices of the Bangalore Patcheree, (the place set apart for the followers,) as a conspicuous monument of his piety. This building, however, having been found to stand in the way of some projected improvements in that fashionable fauxbourg of the cantonment, it was proposed to Jemmy to purchase the said building from him. This offer was declined. "Sell it, Jemmy, sell it," said one of the officers; "if you don't it will be pulled down, and then you will get nothing for it."—"How can I sell my god?" was the reply. So, as Jemmy obstinately refused to sell his god, forthwith his godship's mansion was pulled down. This sacrilegious office it fell to my lot to perform, and it produced the only rupture that ever took place between Jemmy and me. We had always been great friends; for, independently of my personal regard for Jemmy, I considered him as the only relic of the old 19th dragoons, which he had served from a boy, and in which he had risen to the rank of head-barber. When the 19th went home, he succeeded to the same situation in the 25th dragoons. He was a true Dicky Gossip, and had his memory well stored with anecdotes and songs, which he had learnt among the soldiers. He was very proud of a silver soap-box which had been presented to him by his old regiment. He was esteemed both by officers and men as an honest and facetious fellow, and was a striking instance of the attachment which the low caste Hindoos, or native Christians, (who are considered as being on about the same level,) form to the Europeans. The cook-boys, with which every regiment is provided, are not only much attached to the soldiers, but become, in time, much assimilated to them in character—a change which, however advantageous in a pugnacious point of view, tends by no means to improve their habits of sobriety or temperance. These fellows may often be seen deciding their quarrels in the true John Bull style; and they boast, and perhaps with truth, that the

beef of which they partake, and which no Hindoo of caste will touch, has the effect of rendering them more courageous.

Having now galloped over a page or two of digression, it is time that I should return to the high road, or, in other words, to my subject. I was speaking of the edifices of the Hindoos. Their conquerors, the Mussulmans, are entitled also to their share of praise for works of piety, which are evinced in numerous mosques and caravanseras scattered throughout India; though it must be confessed that, in the construction of these they have not scrupled to pollute the sanctuaries, and to rob the edifices, of their predecessors. How different in this respect, has been the system pursued by the English in India! All colonization being discountenanced, no buildings, but such as are intended for immediate comfort or security, are ever thought of, either by Government or by individuals; so that no edifices, except the fortifications, which are necessarily of a massive form, are at all calculated to resist the ravages of time. When half a century shall have elapsed, after the cessation of our dominion in Hindostan, there will not perhaps be a stone left to point out where dwelt any portion of the forty thousand islanders who so long held in subjection one hundred millions of people. But it is to be hoped that we shall leave behind us what will bid defiance to time—the blessings of civilization and Christianity, in exchange for ignorance and superstition; and that we shall long live in the grateful recollection of the natives, as their deliverers from anarchy and oppression; for having taught them to rule themselves by the example of a just and wise Government; and, perhaps, for having implanted, what has never yet taken root in Eastern soil—the genuine tree of liberty.

At every station we passed through, Sir Samuel Auchmuty was hailed as the conqueror of Java, and numerous fetes were given to us, at which copious libations were poured forth to the honour of the heroes of Cornelis. Ours was, in fact, a kind of triumphal journey.

About this time the accounts reached us from England

of the commencement of the victorious career of Wellington, which made my military mouth water, and imparted a keener edge to my appetite for glory, already fresh whetted by our recent successes at Java. My heart panted to participate in the glorious struggle; and I resolved, if possible, to thrust my sickle into the plentiful harvest of laurels which the British army were so nobly reaping in the peninsula of Europe. Could I only procure leave to proceed to England I should easily be able to join my old commander, through the means of the commission which I still retained in his Majesty's service. I felt, at the same time, that my health which had begun to suffer from the climate and exposure to the hardships of war, would be materially benefited by a return to my native country. Accordingly, although I wanted a few months to complete my ten years' service, I applied for furlough, which having been granted, I proceeded to the Presidency to prepare for my voyage. Here I was fortunate enough to fall in with Captain Drury, who, being bound for England, most kindly offered me a passage in the Akbar.

It may, perhaps, have been the cause of some surprise and disappointment to the reader, that my narrative should contain so little information relative to the character, habits, and customs, of a people among whom I passed no inconsiderable portion of my life. But the truth is, that the situation in which I was placed was not such as to throw me much among the natives, excepting my own domestics and subordinates. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for an European, whatever be his station, justly to estimate the character of any portion of the population, where the better classes are kept at a distance from him by religious prejudices, and where the lower ranks, drawn towards him solely by motives of interest or gain, must generally approach him under the mask of dissimulation. But, were I called upon for an opinion of the character of the natives of Hindostan, I should say, that, to a constitutional timidity, natural to the inhabitants of warm climates, the Hindoos join the many vices, and the few virtues, which might be expect-

ed to spring up under such a degrading system of government, such a frequent change of masters, and such a state of anarchy, as they have experienced from time immemorial. Of virtues they possess sobriety, patience, and even fortitude. Of vices they have sensuality, (in some degree natural to their climate,) avarice, cunning, duplicity, and falsehood. If to the above catalogue you add pride, which, where it exists, is generally found mixed up with both virtues and vices, you may then, also, form a pretty good notion of the character of the Mussulmans of Hindostan, in whom, however, from the variety in their origin, and the difference in the periods of their settlement in India, many shades of character, as well as of appearance, may be traced. I know that it is the custom among Europeans, particularly those who have intercourse only with the worst class of the population, to accuse the natives in general of dishonesty. "A d——d black rascal" is a common expression in the mouth of an Englishman. But this epithet is mostly applied without reflection, for I believe there is no part of the world where less atrocious crimes are committed. Doubtless they will endeavour to make the most of you, and to overreach you by every means short of actual theft; but, of this last crime, notwithstanding the opportunities afforded them in their intercourse with Europeans, they are not seldom convicted.

The abjectness of their deportment towards their superiors, and their equally imperious conduct towards those whom fortune has placed beneath them, is particularly disgusting to the natives of a free country, who do not always feel disposed to make allowances for the causes which have produced this revolting feature in the Hindoo character. Certainly there is no meanness to which a native of India will not descend to gain his ends, even so far as to kissing the soles of your feet. The title of god is not unfrequently applied to a superior, and, in addressing a person of high rank, or one from whom some favour is expected, the hands are generally held in the attitude of prayer. Even among the Maho-

medans, the Hindostanee word *tucksecr*, (meaning "I'm in fault,") is constantly used when listening to the orders of a superior, just as the expression "very well" is used by us.

The Rajpoot tribes may I think be set down as an exception to the general character of the Hindoos, being a brave, high-minded race ; but I am far from excepting the Bramins, who, even among the Hindoos, are remarkable for their crafty and intriguing dispositions.

Having thus expressed my opinion of the natives of Hindostan in no very flattering terms, it cannot be supposed that, as far as regarded them, I experienced any very sorrowful feeling in bidding adieu to India. Notwithstanding this, and though my views and wishes were now all bent towards Europe, I must say, that it was with no inconsiderable degree of regret, that I left behind me many dear friends and familiar acquaintances, whom, from the fortunes of war and climate, I should perhaps never see again.

There was also in the nature of society in India, something congenial to my mind and habits, which I questioned whether I should ever find in the more restrained intercourse of European society. Thrown, as the few English are, among millions of persons of totally different customs and language, and feeling, as they must, the necessity of clinging to each other for support, sentiments of reciprocal kindness and hospitality are generated and cherished, which, in a community differently constituted, could never exist ; for, while in the national mass, persons even of the same class are necessarily prevented from associating with any but those who have been regularly introduced to their acquaintance, the European in India confidently gives the hand of fellowship to all of the same line of life with himself, from the knowledge that, in so small a community, all unworthy subjects are soon detected and excluded from society. It must also be observed, that in quitting India at this time, I relinquished, for the present, the fruits of my services, which had obtained me such

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an interest at the seat of government, as would, at no very distant period, have ensured me the possession of riches.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Author embarks for England on board the Akbar Frigate.—Burial at Sea.—Anecdotes of Sailors.—Arrival at St. Helena.—Description of the Island.—Remarks on Buonaparte.—Departure from St. Helena.—Calm at Sea.—Arrival in the Downs.

In February 1812, I crossed the surf for the last time, and the following morning took my last look at the shores of India.

Two days after quitting Madras, the ensign of one of the Indiamen under our convoy, in which a Captain of my regiment, in the last stage of existence, had taken his passage for another world, was observed to be hoisted half-mast high; and a telegraphic signal accompanying the same, dubbed me a Captain, after ten years' service. The weather permitting, I went on board the Indiaman to attend the ceremony of consigning the remains of my brother-officer to the deep. If there be a more than ordinary solemnity in a military funeral, (as I have remarked in a former part of these memoirs,) a burial at sea is, of all others, the most awful. On land, while the body of the deceased is consigned to its earthly bed, and the coffin echoes to the sound of "dust to dust," the flight of the soul to the regions of immortality is for the moment lost sight of in the narrow limits of the grave. The scene is mournful truly, for our thoughts are then all on *mortality*. But at sea, when, at the words, "we commit his body to the deep," the corpse glides into the ocean, it seems as if it, as well as the soul, were launched into eternity; and nothing occurs

to disconnect the mind from the awful contemplation of *immortality.*

We had a pleasant passage to St. Helena, without having experienced very rough weather. Whenever the sea was sufficiently smooth we used to exchange visits with the other ships. The 33d regiment, which was returning to England, had a band on board one of the Indiamen, which would occasionally range up alongside us, and give us an air. The music had a pleasing effect as it passed over the water, the ships bobbing to it, as if they kept time with the tune. We also took advantage of the band to knock up a dance now and then.

I used frequently in fine weather to take my place on a gun on the main-deck, and listen to the sailors telling their stories, as they sat in groups over their grog. These tales were generally about Jack and some fairy queen who had taken a fancy to him, and transported him to her palace, where he was of course nobly entertained. I recollect, in one of these tete-a-tetes between Jack and her fairy majesty, the former was reciting some marvelous adventure, something in the style of Æneas to his Dido, when the queen suddenly exclaimed, "D—n my eyes, Jack, you don't say so!" This was too much for my risibles, so I was forced to withdraw, to avoid giving offence. A true seaman is certainly a distinct animal from the rest of the human species. Long may he be so; for I cannot bear any innovation upon the old English Jack-tar. I am not superstitious, but when the old naval button, under which Rodney conquered and Nelson died, was altered, I prophesied some disaster; and, sure enough, shortly afterwards came the capture of our frigates by the Americans. I much fear it will not end here; for, "*O tempora, O mores!*" Jack now wears suspenders to his trowsers; and the duty, fore and aft, is carried on without a single oath. Is not our navy, then, going headlong to perdition?

The island of St. Helena is seen from an immense distance, and has, when you approach it, the appearance of a half-burnt cinder. To gain the anchorage, ships

are compelled, for fear of being carried to leeward by the current, to pass close to the rock, and under tremendous batteries, some of which are on the water's edge, while others look down from the impending rock almost perpendicularly on your deck, frowning destruction to any vessel that should dare to dispute their authority. From this spot a voice hails you, which, though loud and distinct beyond conception, proceeds, you are confidently assured, from the top of the mountain. Should a vessel not keep her luff sufficiently close to gain the anchorage, it may perhaps, owing to the strength of the current, take her a day or two to work up again. From the bay the town has a very picturesque appearance, filling the interval between two lofty black cliffs, which form a strange contrast to the light-tinted surface of the hills that bound the valley. As usual we spent some days here to complete our water, and paid exorbitantly for scanty fare, supplied by some one of the members of council or commissioners, all of whom, on the arrival of a fleet from India, keep boarding-houses, into which, to save their sea-stock, the captains of the ships bundle their passengers, *nolentes volentes*. In making the tour of the interior of the island, which occupies but a few hours, could we have dreamt that this remote spot, with its diminutive scenery, its stunted trees, its little bubbling rills, and its pack-of-cards town, would ever have become the abode of the mighty Napoleon! As a gaol, however, no place could have been better chosen; for, besides the impossibility of landing, except at one or two spots, it possesses this peculiar advantage, that, from the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere, no vessel can possibly reach the island during the night, without having been seen from the rock the preceding day. Much has been said of the treatment received by Buonaparte while in custody here; but, in my opinion, he was treated better than he deserved to be, excepting that the Government-house, (the only good one on the island,) should have been given up to him on his landing. Instead of complaining of the British Government for sending him to St. Helena, he ought to have been thank-

ful that he was not given up to Blucher. As Fouché says, in his Memoirs, "He should have died at Waterloo." Would any man of honour, unless prevented by religion, (and we cannot attribute that motive to him,) have survived the destruction of his army on that occasion? He wished to remain in England forsooth! But who would have trusted him after his escape from Elba? That was a treacherous and a barbarous act. It was treachery to the Allied Powers, and barbarity towards France, which had already shed so much blood for him, again to embroil her in a war which could not possibly end in success; for France, reduced within her ancient limits, and thinned as she was in her population, could not be expected to stand against the accumulated power of Europe. His return, however, was productive of good; for the French nation had not then been sufficiently humbled for the repose of Europe; or the mass of brigands, of which her army was composed, were still strong enough to weigh down the peaceably disposed part of the community; and it seemed as if Providence had sent back Buonaparte to complete what was wanting to secure the tranquillity of France, and the peace of her neighbours. The battle of Waterloo did this effectually. It humbled the nation, as far as it is possible to humble a Frenchman, and it laid at rest some thousands of brigands. I am sorry to have to apply this epithet to any persons belonging to the profession of arms: but, in my opinion, it is an honourable profession only so long as it is employed in an honourable cause, and in an honourable way; neither of which can be fairly claimed for the French armies since the Revolution, even by their warmest advocates. As for Buonaparte himself, he lived a brigand, and he died a brigand, as the last act of his life testified, by the legacy which he bequeathed to the man who attempted the life of his conqueror! In short, it is all false feeling with regard to him. Was he the more deserving of pity for having been a despot? His fall was great indeed; but not so great, and not much more sudden, than

his rise; and if he had not magnanimity to bear his reverses, he was undeserving of compassion.

At St. Helena we found several Indiamen, under convoy of the Piedmontaise frigate, Captain Edgehill, under whose command we afterwards proceeded.

On crossing the line we experienced an unusually long calm. Nothing can be more annoying than a calm at sea, particularly under a tropical sun. It is generally accompanied by a heavy swell, which rolls your yard-arms under water. The long lazy waves come on in such unremitting succession, that there is no keeping your legs without holding on. At meals, the dishes, though propped up by sand-bags, will often get adrift, to the no small annoyance of the company, who, having one arm engaged in holding on by a stancheon, have only one hand left to preserve a restless plate, and to help a cross, squeamish stomach. Add to this, the heat of a vertical sun, reflected by a smooth glassy sea, without a breath of air to fan your panting frame, and, what is worse, not an inch of progress made, the ships reeling about like drunken tars, with their noses to every point of the compass, and then you may form some faint idea of the pleasures of a calm under the equator. Our voyage having in consequence been retarded beyond the usual length, it was with more than ordinary pleasure that we hailed the sight of our native land.

Our happiness, however, was in some degree damped, by our ship being compelled, from having boarded a vessel from the Mediterranean, to hoist the yellow flag on our arrival in the Downs, and to see our comrades of the other ships rowing ashore with joyful countenances, while we were obliged to wait the orders of the Admiralty before we could be released from quarantine. The return of the post, however, relieved us from this unpleasant predicament, and in the beginning of July, 1812, I jumped ashore, and kissed the gravelly beach of Deal.

CHAPTER IX.

Observations on landing in England.—Feelings on reaching Home. Appearance of the Scenes of the Author's youth.—Remarks on the faculty of Memory.—Contrast of English and Indian Society. Feelings and conduct of Indians on returning to England.—Extraordinary incredulity of Englishmen.—The Author gets on Full Pay in His Majesty's service.—Sails for Lisbon.—Sea Sickness.—Arrival in the Tagus.

The first thing that struck me on landing in my native country, was the smallness of the houses into which Englishmen thrust their magnanimous souls; for I had pictured to myself every thing about a Briton as being great. But this feeling of disappointment was quickly effaced by the beautiful scenery, and the brilliant verdure of the country, which, with the fresh complexions of the inhabitants, could not fail to prove a gratifying sight to one long accustomed to gaze on sun-burnt plains, or glassy waters, on black Asiatics, or sallow Europeans.

This pleasure, however, I must say, was somewhat damped, by the repeated warnings of the presence of "steel traps and spring guns," together with cautions against trespassing, which met my eye as we drove along the road. "Is this the boasted land of liberty," I exclaimed, "where human beings are caught in traps, or fired at like wild beasts? Are these the effects of a high state of civilization?" A further consideration of the subject taught me that it was even so; for that in a thickly peopled country, crime had as strong a tendency to increase among the ignorant and poor, as virtue had in the educated classes; and that, unless the property of persons were protected by a strong police, as in ar-

bitrary governments, (from which God protect us!) individuals must be armed with the power to preserve their goods and chattels, even at the hazard of human life. So that, in fact, what would strike a stranger at first sight as an anomaly in a free country, is the strongest proof of the liberty of the subject.

It was not, therefore, until my entrance into the first city in the world, through its interminable suburbs, that I was again seized with a slight fit of disgust. The smoky atmosphere and dingy appearance of the buildings of London, have been the subjects of remark and reproach with every foreigner who has visited it, from whatever region he may have come. What then must it have appeared to one who had been long used to the clear atmosphere and bright skies of a tropical climate?

I had not time to get over this impression, before I hastened to the country to fold in my arms a widowed mother. I need not describe my feelings on this occasion. They could not have been very different from those of most persons similarly situated; but, in renewing acquaintance with the scenes of my youth, every thing seemed to me not above half the size that my memory had represented it, nor half so important. The lawn in front of my paternal dwelling, which I had magnified almost into a park, now scarcely afforded herbage for a solitary cow. The spacious nursery, where, mounted on a chest of drawers, I used to drive my four chairs in all the pride of juvenile coachmanship, had become a little silent chamber, no longer echoing to the noise of half a dozen rough boys, since dispersed to all quarters of the globe. The comfortable parlour, involving many a sweet recollection of domestic happiness; the elegant drawing-room, (forbidden ground to dirty brats,) which not all the lofty domes or splendid halls of the East could obliterate from my memory; the ample kitchen, associated with Christmas pies and plumb puddings, had all now dwindled down into mere ordinary rooms. God forgive me! what lies I must have told when, in my younger days, I boasted of the grandeur of my paternal habitation! Nor did I experience less surprise in visit-

ing the school where I imbibed my first disgust for letters. The great school-room was now no larger than the gun-room of a frigate; the play-ground, where some dozen or two of inky-fingered urchins were, as usual, wearing out the knees of their greasy corduroys in a game of marbles, and which I had magnified into the size of a grand parade, appeared little better than a fowl-yard. At sight of the pedagogue himself, who, I was assured, was to the full as formidable a looking personage as his predecessor who wielded the birch in my time, I said to myself, Is it possible that I could ever have trembled before such a being? But it must be owned I felt some degree of pride, when I viewed the initials of my name on the walls of the school-room, where they had already travelled twenty years on the road to immortality, a memento of my youthful ambition. These I could now touch with my hand, although I well remember, that, to place them out of the reach of vulgar knives, I had mounted on the back of a schoolfellow when I engraved them.

A great part of this may very naturally be accounted for, but not all; for I had not left home at so tender an age but that false impressions might have been rectified by comparison and experience. It cannot, therefore, be altogether satisfactorily explained, without supposing the memory to possess a magnifying power, increasing directly as the distance of time. Indeed this hypothesis, if extended to circumstances as well as things, will serve to reconcile many strange incongruities, and tend to put us in better humour with our fellow-creatures in general, by permitting us to attribute to an inherent quality of our nature what has been before set down to bad feelings or vicious propensities. Having come to this conclusion, it may be satisfactory to the reader to know, that I have carefully revised my own narrative upon the above principle, having made my deductions upon a scale proportioned to the distance of the periods from the present time. This scale I have also found it very useful to carry in my head; for by applying it to the narratives of others, I am enabled to come at a more

correct knowledge of remote facts than either the credulous or the over-wise could possibly obtain. As I take some credit to myself for this discovery of one of the properties of memory, I hope, should hereafter any writers on the laws of evidence think proper to adopt the same, that they will be so kind as to acknowledge their obligations to me.

I had not been long in England before I began to find what I had, in some measure, anticipated, namely, that society was conducted on quite a different footing from what it is in India. In fact, I observed that relations do not here live together on such free terms as common acquaintances do in the East. This may be principally owing to that general reserve which is more or less necessary in a community where persons have no means of becoming acquainted with the true characters of each other. But, at the same time, it must, I fear, be admitted to proceed partly from the national characteristics of coldness and want of sociability, with which we are accused by foreigners. I apprehend, however, that such has not always been our national character, or how could our country have obtained, or even have assumed the title of "merry England." I am rather inclined to think that this reserve, which has its foundation in pride, must have grown up as we became more a trading people; for, in a free commercial country, riches are so constantly treading on the heels of rank, that the latter is forced, in its own defence, to assume a greater degree of hauteur and distance than would be practised in a country where, from the line being more decidedly drawn, the high-born can afford to be familiar with their inferiors in rank, without fear of losing their consequence. This conduct in the upper classes naturally descends, every one either aping those above or dreading the familiarity of those beneath him; and, as is always the case, the copy proves more extravagant than the original. These are causes fully adequate, in my opinion, to account for this change in the national character, from sociability and good-fellowship to coldness and reserve, without setting down these latter qualities

to the effect of a foggy atmosphere, to which some are disposed to attribute them.

From whatever cause they may proceed, certain it is, however, that to a person who has been so long absent from his native country as to have nearly lost all recollection of its forms and habits, they have a very chilling effect, and I am sure drive many a man back to lay his bones in a foreign land, who would gladly have spent the evening of his days among his kindred.

Not all the overacted attentions of needy and greedy relations, or of designing parasites, can get the better of this feeling which every Indian, more or less, experiences after his return to England; and which, very naturally, causes them to herd together in such a way as to excite the ridicule of the world. But, for my part, I think it a kindly sight; and I never see a brace of old Indian bachelors travelling together, as they generally do, and addressing each other by the familiar appellations of Tom and Dick, when past their grand climacteric, without experiencing emotions far removed from those of derision or contempt.

Though in this respect old Indians are by no means deserving of ridicule, it must be confessed that many of them do make great fools of themselves, in their endeavours to screw themselves into the *beau monde;* in the vain attempt to do which, they often spend a fortune. Indeed it generally costs them infinitely more to secure the *entrée* of some fashionable drawing-room, than it does the political aspirant to obtain a seat in the council of the nation. I have often wondered how men, who have really conducted themselves with great credit and ability as statesmen, or as soldiers abroad, should so belie their characters at home. It would almost seem as if the qualities of their minds, which had been matured in a warm climate, had, on exposure to the cold of their native country, been suddenly condensed into the dry and insignificant character conveyed under the title of Nabob.

The season being well advanced, I set off as soon as possible for Cheltenham, to have my liver scoured. A

couple of glasses of Mr. Thompson's No. 4, taken every morning for three weeks, preceded by Dr. Botheram's pilul. hydrarg. having cleared the organ of its temporary obstructions, and my visage somewhat of its orient hue, I could now look a man in the face, without the apprehension of being taken for a gipsy in the jaundice.

I have often thought what an admirable addition it would be to the establishment at Cheltenham, if some process, such as that used by the philosopher for extracting sun-beams from cucumbers, could be invented, whereby the solar deposits of thirty years' perpetual summer could be withdrawn from the frames of those walking mummies who eke out their miserable lives in oscillating between Bath and Cheltenham, in the vain endeavour to restore the animal juices, by immersing themselves in the tepid waters of the one, or in quaffing the nauseous fluid of the other.

I have frequently heard it said, that persons returning from a long residence in India, do not feel the cold the first winter after their arrival, so much as those who have never been out of the country, but that the second winter it comes upon them with double force. The former I certainly experienced in my own person. How can this fact be accounted for, except by supposing that it takes a considerable time before their bodies can give out all the caloric imbibed during their residence under the tropics; or else that their skins have become so parched and case-hardened that the cold cannot penetrate, till the surface has been softened by the fogs of their native country!

One thing in particular surprised me in England; that was, the want of laudable curiosity in my countrymen, especially of the middling classes, and the surprise and incredulity with which they viewed every thing at all above their conceptions. They would go miles to see a boxing-match, a bull-baiting, or an execution; or they would swallow with avidity the poison of any impudent empiric, or even the spiritual quackeries of Joanna Southcott, or any of the black-gaitered gentry. But the tale of a traveller, however instructive or amusing,

was always received with distrust, if not with insult. One instance of this happened to myself. Shortly after my return from India, I was passing through a country town on a market-day; and feeling rather hungry, I went and sat down at a table, which I saw ready spread at the Inn, and which proved to be a farmer's ordinary; such, indeed, as it would have required the monopoly of the home market to support. The conversation turned on the best kind of food for horses, I thought that I would put in a word, that I might not appear above my company; so I asked what they thought of feeding horses on sheep's heads (a common practice in India, when you wish to fatten a horse quickly.) Upon this they winked at each other; and I could even observe sundry tongues in the act of distending the off-cheek. "Pray, sir, where mought that be?" said one of the party. "In the East Indies," I replied. "I thought as how the gentleman had *travelled!*" said a little dry fellow at the corner of the table. This sally produced a roar of laughter, in which, as I had no one to back me, I thought it best to join myself. But this distrust of travellers does not appear to be altogether confined to the lower and middling classes, however good manners may prevent its being openly expressed. The story of the sword-swallower, (now happily for our Indian characters brought home to the senses of John Bull,) I never ventured to tell in company more than once, from the effect it seemed to have on my auditory. Indeed I have given up telling many of my marvellous stories, of which I had at one time a tolerable collection, for so many years, that I have forgotten most of them. Should, therefore, the reader find my narrative at all dull, he must blame the public and not me. In fact, I may say, that I have proved the converse of the maxim, "that a man may tell a lie so often as at last to believe it himself;" for I feel convinced that there are many circumstances, for the truth of which I could at one time have vouched, and which, from having ceased to relate them, were they now told to me, I should be very apt, after the example of my countrymen, to doubt.

About this time the news of the battle of Salamanca reached England. This made me feel ashamed of being idle. I resolved upon taking immediate steps for joining the British army before the ensuing campaign. With this view I addressed a letter to the Duke of Wellington, from whom I received a favourable answer. I then memorialized the Duke of York to be put on full pay in some regiment in the Peninsula, which petition having been granted, in the beginning of March, 1813, I set off for Falmouth, to embark in the packet for Lisbon. Here I was fortunate enough to fall in with an Indian acquaintance, who, from ill health, had been compelled to resign the Company's service, and was then in the 14th dragoons, with which he had already served some campaigns. He was, with two officers of his regiment, returning from a winter's furlough. They were all gentlemanly men, so that a ten days' passage was spent as pleasantly as sea-sickness in crossing the Bay of Biscay would allow.

It may seem extraordinary that, having been so much at sea of late, and having but recently terminated a long voyage, I should be again afflicted with that most disagreeable malady. But this may in a great degree, be accounted for by the smallness of the packet compared with the ships in which I had been accustomed to sail. If there be in the world an antidote to ambition, it is sea-sickness; while under its influence all schemes of glory, of honour, or of renown, not only vanish like shadows, but you are even brought to wonder how they could ever have entered your head; and a thousand times you wish yourself back on dry land, or even at the bottom of the deep, rather than where you are. I have often thought what a pretty figure Buonaparte's invading legions would have cut in their flat-bottomed boats between Calais and Dover, if attacked only by a few sloops of war. For my part, under sea-sickness, I am not only absolutely powerless, but I think that I could bless the hand which should put a period to my existence. There is nevertheless, as Captain Franklin justly observes in his travels, nothing which leaves so slight an

impression on the memory as bodily pain. It is well it is so; for were it otherwise life would be scarcely endurable. This applies particularly to sea-sickness; for no sooner have you set foot on shore than all is forgotten, or, at least, so buried in the memory as not to be easily raked up.

CHAPTER X.

Appearance of Lisbon.—Musquitoes.—The Author sets off to join the Allied Army.—Lines of Torres Vedras.—Santarem.—Devastation of the Portuguese Villages.—Wretched Billets.—Abrantes.—The Author's Portuguese servant.—Castello Branco.—Anecdote of Artillery horses.

The passage to Lisbon up the Tagus has often been described, but never in colours brighter than reality. Indeed nothing can equal the beauty of the scene but the disgust experienced in coming in contact with the object of your admiration. Although then only March, the weather was so disagreeably hot, that I began to imagine myself again in India; particularly when, at night, I received a visit from my old friends the musquitoes, to which I thought I had bidden adieu when I quitted the shores of Madras. These insects are, if possible, more annoying than those of India; and, if I may judge by their conduct towards me, more greedy and not so nice; for long before I returned to Europe the tribe had begun to turn up their brobosces at me. But these Portuguese musquitoes set to work as if I were quite a delicacy. Probably they were of opinion that European blood, like their own Madeira wine, was the better for a voyage to the tropics.

The long stay of the British army at or near Lisbon has rendered every thing relating to that *sweet* capital

so familiar to the ears, if not to the eyes and *noses* of Englishmen, that a description of it, to most readers, would be absolutely superfluous. So, having there experienced no adventures worth relating, it will be sufficient for me to state, that, having been appointed to a company in a Portuguese regiment, I remained about a fortnight to provide myself with horses and camp equipage, and then set off to join the army, with a major of engineers, who had been my contemporary at Woolwich.

On the 20th of April 1813, I quitted Lisbon for the purpose of joining the Allied Army, and reached Villa Franca, distant about twenty miles. Not far from the latter town we passed through the extremity of the famous lines of Torres Vedras, where, through the genius of a Wellington, the first successful stand was made against the armies of Napoleon. The works were then kept in repair, and I could gladly have spent a few days in examining them; but time pressed, and I was obliged to push on. The road was as good as a paved one could well be, and was not by any means so hilly as we were led to expect. The country, as far as related to its cultivation, appeared, in a great measure, to have recovered from the ravages which it sustained while occupied by the contending armies. The town of Villa Franca, which has nothing interesting in its appearance, was but thinly inhabited, and in every respect reminded us that it had not long before been the seat of war. We could procure nothing for our cattle to eat but what we brought with us, though we fared tolerably well ourselves at a miserable inn kept by a Scotswoman, and our billets obtained us indifferent lodgings for the night.

The next day we moved to Arambuja, a village romantically situated on the side of a hill, which commands a view of the Tagus to a considerable distance, flowing through an extensive cultivated plain. Our road for the first part was hilly, and paved, as usual; but latterly I had the satisfaction of riding over a bit of smooth road for the first time since my arrival in Portu-

gal. The scenery just here was very different from that of any other country in which I had travelled. The olive-tree is the only kind that rears its head, and that, being of a sombre hue, of no very majestic form, and regularly planted over the hills, leaves an impression of a far different nature from what we experience on viewing the rich landscapes which most woody countries present.

On the 22d we reached Santarem. In our ride we passed through a thick wood of cork-trees, which, though the tree itself is more picturesque than the olive, yet, from the absence of other timber, wanted that variety of hue and form which is the most pleasing feature in forest scenery. This spot, we were told, was much infested with robbers, but they were civil enough not to molest us. On issuing from the wood we had the Tagus bounded by a well cultivated tract to our right. The hill, or rather mountain, on which the town of Santarem is partly situated, with its insulated position and tabular summit, has a most singular appearance when viewed from the southward. This was the position occupied by Massena after his retreat from before the lines of Torres Vedras. It is extremely formidable in itself, and when strengthened by art, as it was by the French, fully justified the prudence of Lord Wellington in hesitating to attack it. The town is situated partly above the eastern extremity of the hill, and partly below on the bank of the Tagus, by which there is a constant communication with Lisbon and the interior. Santarem contains many convents and churches, some of which are fine buildings; but the town itself, like those of most countries where bigotry and superstition predominate to the prejudice of industry and commerce, was comparatively mean; and then chiefly in ruins, the natural consequence of its having been for some time the abode of a modern French army. The view from the upper part of the town extends over a large tract of well cultivated country on both sides of the Tagus, but that to the northward is the most interesting, as possessing the greater variety of feature. We had here a con-

siderable depot, and an hospital containing all the sick and wounded of the last campaign.

The next day we continued our route, and reached Golegaum, passing through a highly cultivated plain. The country hereabouts had recovered surprisingly; and the inhabitants evinced an industry and activity which could only have arisen from a conviction of their security from invasion, while under the protection of the Allied Army, headed by a Wellington.

Golegaum is a large and decent village, inhabited chiefly by the farmers of the surrounding country. Here, for the only time in my passage through Portugal, I was billeted in a comfortable house, the owner of which was attentive beyond measure,—a circumstance not a little surprising, considering the constant drafts on his politeness. To have your house beset day after day by officers or soldiers, for whom personally you can care nothing, and whom you may never see again, is certainly most annoying. It must be enough to wear out the patience of a saint, much more the hospitality of a mortal. Oftentimes the billet allotted to me was an uninhabited house without an article in it; and never, except on one or two occasions, did I find more furniture in my room than an old table, chair, and bedstead, to lie down on which would require either your skin to be bug-proof, or such a power of somnolency as could defy the last trumpet. I can, of course, only speak of the beaten track from Lisbon to the army. What might have been the feeling of the inhabitants in parts less frequented by our troops, I cannot say; but I doubt much whether, notwithstanding their obligations to the British, their treatment of them amounted to more than mere civility. Indeed, hospitality is a virtue which I am sure never survived above one campaign.

On the 24th we arrived at Abrantes. For a considerable part of the way the road ran close to the right bank of the Tagus, and afforded some striking views; one of which (whose principal feature was a Moorish castle, situated on an island in the middle of the river) particularly attracted my notice. We passed the river Ze-

zere by an excellent stone bridge near the town of Punhete.

Of all places I ever entered Abrantes is the vilest, and, though it had not been visited by an enemy since the first invasion of Portugal by Junot, it bore every mark of wretchedness and its concomitant filth. It is situated near the Tagus, on a hill commanding an extensive view in every direction, and is fortified after a fashion which our engineers were endeavouring to improve.

On the day of my arrival, the soldier servant whom I had procured from the depot at Belem, was taken so ill, that I was compelled to lodge him in the hospital at this place. Though he was received by the medical men as a fit subject, I could not help thinking that he was one of those regular skulkers, of whom, among officers as well as soldiers, there will always be found a good many sauntering about the depots, while their regiments are in advance. These had acquired the nickname of Belemites, a term derived from the Castle of Belem, near Lisbon, which for a long time was the grand depot of the British army. I endeavoured to find a substitute for my servant among the recovered soldiers, but could not succeed, as I was attached to the Portuguese service; so I hired a Portuguese muleteer, who volunteered to supply his place. This fellow was, at first sight, pronounced by my fellow traveller to be a second Ambrose de Lamella, which character any one who has read Gil Blas must recollect. Certainly his appearance was none of the most prepossessing. He was about forty years of age, short and thick set, with thighs about half the length of his legs, which formed an equilateral triangle with the ground. From between two shaggy brows, beneath which in ambush lay a pair of small twinkling eyes, rose a sharp hatchet-nose, which would have protruded to an immoderate length had it not been stopped in the middle of its career by nature or accident, and turned suddenly to the left, on which side one of his eyes had a corresponding slugh. He was literally a double-faced fellow; for one side of

his visage was as different from the other as possible. His countenance betokened a mixture of archness and villany, the former of which expressions predominated when he addressed you, and the latter when he was off his guard. But what was I to do? I had two horses and two mules, and nothing but a little Portuguese boy to look after them; so I started with Senhor Domingo in the joint capacities of groom, valet, and cook. How far my friend's prognostications and my own fears were realised will be seen in the sequel.

After halting here a couple of days to rest our cattle, we resumed our journey, crossing to the left bank of the Tagus by an excellent bridge of boats, and proceeded for about four leagues over a dreary country without a sign of cultivation, till we reached the village of Gavio, a wretched place, with scarcely an inhabitant or an owner to the miserable houses of which it was composed. Our road from Abrantes lay considerably to the right of our direct line; but we were compelled to make this detour from the nature of the country between Abrantes and Castello Branco, which, being extremely mountainous, was not passable for laden cattle. The next day we continued our route to Nisa, which had once been a nice little town, at least for Portugal, but was then in a wretched dilapidated state. This and the preceding day's march lay over a dreary flat, without any signs of cultivation. It rained incessantly during our ride to Nisa, and with such violence as to remind me of our Indian monsoons. Here we again observed the remains of a Moorish castle. The number of these buildings in the Peninsula show what were once the power and resources of the warlike people who erected them, while, at the same time, they remain as a proof, if history had not already furnished sufficient evidence, that the spirit of the natives had never been completely subdued.

The next day we proceeded to Villavelha, within a mile of which we crossed to the right bank of the Tagus by a bridge of boats. The river here forces its way through a range of hills, forming in one spot a

high precipice on each side, through which roll the copious waters, seemingly proud of their conquest over the more solid element. The road from Nisa was throughout mountainous and bad, particularly at the descent to a stream about two miles before we reached the Tagus. The village of Villavelha was so wretched a place, and so nearly in ruins, that we could scarcely find shelter for ourselves or our horses.

On the last day of April we reached Castello Branco, passing over about twenty miles of the most dreary road I ever beheld. It is a constant ascent and descent, without, at the same time, possessing the least variety; for nothing showed itself above ground but the gum-cistus, which, though a rare plant in England, and prized accordingly, is here rather a disgusting object, as being, in the language of an Hibernian, invariably the offspring of the most barren tracts. Castello Branco has once been a neat town, but was, like most others in Portugal, in a melancholy plight. It takes its name from a Moorish castle standing on an eminence on one side of the town, which has itself once been fortified. There is a monastery, with a fine garden neatly laid out, though not according to our taste.

On the 1st of May we rode to Penna Mecor, about thirty-two miles, leaving our baggage to join us the next day, as we preferred spending a couple of days in comfortable quarters, with a friend who commanded a brigade of artillery cantoned there, to roughing it in a Portuguese village. The road was pretty good; the country we passed through had rather an agreeable aspect, with some signs of cultivation; and the villages appeared in a better state than any we had before seen. Towards the end of our ride we crossed a small river by a remarkably handsome bridge, which, from its symmetry and perfect repair, afforded a strong contrast to any thing of the kind we had seen in Portugal. Doubtless it owed its security from destruction to the insignificance of the stream which flowed under its arches; for bridges in general fare but badly in war.

Having passed a pleasant evening with our friends of

the artillery, we retired to rest in a room situated over one of the stables of the gun-horses. Here, owing to a little over-indulgence at table, not feeling readily disposed to sleep, we amused ourselves with counting the number of "*Come ups!*" which reached our ears through the crevices of the floor. Whenever a horse stirred, so as to disturb the slumbers of his not much more human bedfellow, it was "Come up!" If the beast snorted, it was "Come up!" If he lay down, it was "Come up!" If he rose on his legs, it was equally "Come up!" This "Come up!" is almost the only phrase which an English groom addresses to his horse. Though generally used as a term of rebuke, it is an unmeaning expression; and I do not see in what it could have originated, unless in the frequent necessity of cautioning the animal against that too great propensity of English horses to *come down*.

Penna Mecor is situated on a hill, and has been fortified both by ancients and moderns, but now its manifold breaches exceed in number the gates of Troy.

On the 3d of May we rode to Sabugal to breakfast, and afterwards to Frenada, the head-quarters of the army. Between Penna Mecor and the former place we crossed the Sierra de Estrella, the road over which, though steep, is not by any means bad. The town of Sabugal is most romantic in its situation and appearance, and affords, on approaching it from the southward, a most agreeable *coup d'œil*. The castle, which is a most interesting object, and fortified in the style used before the invention of gunpowder, occupies an eminence washed on two sides by the river, which you cross by a good stone bridge. On the retreat of Massena there was an affair of some consequence at this place.

CHAPTER XI.

Arrival at Frenada.—Lord Wellington's Head Quarters.—The Author joins his Regiment in the Light Division.—The Division reviewed.—Remarks on the Retreat from Burgos.—Intemperance of British Soldiers.—Comparison of the Spaniards and Portuguese. Also of the two countries.—Visit to Cuidad Rodrigo.

Having been graciously received by Lord Wellington, I remained a few days at Frenada, before I proceeded to join my regiment. This small town or village has attained some celebrity as having been the head-quarters of the British army for two winters. It is situated on a plain only two or three miles distant from Fuentes d'Honor, the field on which Lord Wellington foiled the manœuvres of Massena. His Lordship and staff were but poorly lodged at this place; but it was centrally situated as to his army, and perhaps suited his purpose better than a larger town, where information of the measures which it was necessary to divulge to those about him might have been more readily conveyed to the enemy. If quiet and secrecy were his objects, he could not have been better placed. Here his Lordship kept a pack of fox-hounds, which he followed regularly during the winter, as much, I suppose, for exercise as for amusement. I had the honour of accompanying his Lordship with the hounds during my stay at head-quarters; but owing, I suppose, to the lateness of the season, and the heat of the weather, we had but indifferent sport.

It was in the quiet of this remote spot that our great Captain planned the most celebrated of his campaigns, by which, in the course of about a month, he cleared Spain of its enemies, from the Tagus to the Ebro, almost

without firing a shot; and, in the end, effected the destruction of the French army, by compelling them to give him battle in an unfavourable position, and before their whole force could be concentrated. Indeed, at the time when his Lordship was taking his diversion of hunting, the left wing of his army, having crossed the Duero in Portugal, had already begun to ascend its right bank, while the enemy, ignorant of its movements, remained inactive in their cantonments.

On the 7th of May, I joined a Portuguese regiment in General Kempt's brigade of the light division, commanded by General Baron Alten. Our regiment was cantoned in some Spanish villages eight or ten miles northwest of Cuidad Rodrigo. I was much pleased at the arrangement which brought me into the light division: for, as its name betokened, it promised to be more actively employed than any portion of the army.

Soon after I joined, our division was reviewed by Lord Wellington, when it certainly appeared in a highly efficient state. I believe, indeed, that the same might have been said of the whole army, with very few exceptions. Every thing had been done in the winter to keep the men in the highest state of health and discipline. Besides the usual drills, each division was by an order from head-quarters, assembled twice a week in full marching order, and marched to a considerable distance from its cantonments, and back again, so as to average an ordinary day's march. An excellent spirit pervaded the army. It possessed the most unbounded confidence in its commander, and confidence is the soul of battle; and it seemed to have recovered its good humour, which a severe order of his Lordship's on the close of the last campaign had somewhat ruffled. This order was occasioned by the irregularities of the troops on the retreat from Burgos; and it is not surprising if the General expressed himself rather harshly, when he found a retrograde movement, for the purpose of taking up his winter-quarters, converted into a disorderly retreat, and that before an enemy to whom he frequently offered battle. Whether the fault was in the arrangements of

the commissariat, or in the troops themselves, I cannot pretend to say; but probably both were to blame. Retreat, in any shape has a most demoralizing effect on a British army. It is not so much so with the French, who, being more practised in war, know that their chief safety consists in keeping in a compact body. But after all, the only security for the maintenance of discipline is a well supplied commissariat; for men will not starve with arms in their hands, and the moment they are left to shift for themselves there is an end to the authority of their officers. As cruelty is the worst feature in the character of the French soldier of the Buonapartean school, so is intemperance the besetting sin of the British; and though the former is more disgraceful to humanity, yet, as regards the individual himself, and the body with which he is connected, it is not attended by those disastrous consequences which naturally proceed from the latter. But, besides this, the French have a great advantage over us in the art of marauding, which, when resorted to from necessity, is by them conducted on a regular system, by which less provision is wasted, and less injury done to the inhabitants, than by desultory plunder.

This sin of intemperance, the only blot in the character of the British soldier, is, in the long run, almost sufficient to neutralize the effects of his valour; for, besides the peculiar ill consequences resulting from it in a retreat, it diminishes his capacity to undergo the hardships of a campaign, by the injury done to his constitution from the habit of drinking. This must be apparent to any man who has served much with the British, and seen them in conjunction with foreign troops. In this respect there is but little difference between the subjects of the sister kingdoms. Sawny is to the full as fond of drink as Pat, and Bull is little better than either. If, therefore, our enemies knew our army as well as we do ourselves, they would never tread upon our heels in pursuit, but would leave our men to their own intemperance, by which, without incurring any loss themselves, they would pick up more men as stragglers than they would

ever put *hors de combat* by attacking us. But, in point of privation, a retreat ought not to be so disastrous as a pursuit; for as, in the former case you generally retire on your own resources, so, on the contrary, must the pursuers, if the advance be rapid, outmarch their commissariat, while they have nothing but an exhausted country from which to provide themselves. Nor do I think, much as it is the fashion to admire retreats, that a retrograde movement, unless in a very open country, is by any means the most difficult operation in war; for, independently of the above considerations, whereby the advanced guard of the enemy is retarded, in being compelled to shift for itself, there are so many obstacles which an experienced officer has it in his power to throw in the way of a pursuing army, that he can always outmarch the main body of the enemy's infantry; while, by availing himself of the nature of the country, he is often enabled to avoid any serious injury from their light troops or artillery. But a want of discipline in the troops, is sufficient to defeat the best concerted measures.

Near the village of Fuentes d'Honor I crossed the frontier of Spain and Portugal; and, as the prejudices of the two nations against each other form a strong barrier to their amalgamation, a passenger cannot but observe that, though originally the same people, there is a striking difference in their appearance and habits; all, I must confess, outwardly in favour of the Spaniard. When I say that the Spaniard is the mule, and the Portuguese the ass, I think I have explained, in as few words as possible, their relative characters. The languages are from the same root, and differ more in the pronunciation than in the orthography; the Castilian being sonorous and lofty, while the Portuguese is nothing more nor less than Spanish with the bones taken out. The appearance of the two countries was also in favour of Spain. In the neighbourhood of our cantonments, the country was well cultivated, and the inhabitants appeared more industrious, and in every respect more civilized, than those of Portugal. Large flocks of sheep and some

black cattle were seen grazing on the plains, and the peasants were seen, regardless of the war, pursuing their usual avocations. It was not so in Portugal ; but great allowance should be made for that unfortunate country, the people having been compelled on the advance of Massena to abandon their homes, and to carry off or destroy every article which could be of service to the enemy.

While in cantonment I took the opportunity of visiting the fortress of Cuidad Rodrigo. It is not by any means a fortification of the first order, and has only been rendered famous by the sieges which it has undergone. It has once been a nice town, but is now in a great measure in ruins, the consequences of its sieges. Our engineers were then employed in repairing and strengthening the fortifications. The garrison consisted of about 2,000 Spanish troops, besides a great many ragamuffins of different descriptions in training.

As active operations are now about to commence, I shall take this opportunity of warning the reader that he must not expect any thing like an historical account of the movements of the army, or even a complete description of such general actions as I had the fortune to be engaged in ; for, on considering the relative situations which I had occupied in the armies of India and of Europe, in the former as a mounted officer, whose duties attached him to the Commander, and in the latter as a Captain of a company, as well as the relative strength of the forces, it will be easily seen that, without referring to other documents than my own, my observations must come within a comparatively limited sphere. Although I shall therefore confine myself in my narrative to what I actually saw, yet I shall feel at liberty to make such observations on passing events as I think may be either amusing or instructive.

CHAPTER XII.

The Light Division breaks up from its Winter Quarters.—Affair of Cavalry with a body of French Infantry.—Curious circumstance on that occasion.—Visit to Salamanca.—Description of that City. Advance to the Eastward.—System of Marching and Encampments.—The Light Division crosses the Douro, and enters Toro. Affair of Cavalry.—Tenth Hussars.—Colonel Grant.—Description of Toro.—Inscription on the Gate of that Town.

On the 21st of May we broke up from our winter-quarters, moved across the Aguada at a ford opposite to the village of Gallegos, and encamped in a wood near the village of St. Felices de Rico. The Aguada is not a wide river, but formidable from the nature of its banks, which afforded a line of excellent positions below Cuidad Rodrigo, whence till its junction with the Douro it is fordable only at this time of the year. On the road we saw the skeletons of a great many horses and mules, affording proofs of the hardships undergone by our army on the last retreat.

The next day we marched about seventeen miles, and encamped in a wood between the villages of St. Spirito and St. Martin del Rico, along the bank of the river Yeltes, which we crossed by a good stone bridge. About half way we fell in with the high road from Cuidad Rodrigo to Salamanca. At the end of the march, information was given us that the French cavalry, to the amount of about 300, were in a village about half a league in our front; on which the cavalry attached to our division, namely the 14th light dragoons and 1st German hussars, supported by the 1st and 95th, were sent forward, but soon returned, the report having proved to be unfounded, though it was ascertained that

the enemy had been that morning at a village about two leagues and a half in advance on the road to Salamanca.

On the 23d we marched about ten miles over an excellent road, and through a fine country, in which there was a good deal of cultivation and much timber. We encamped in a wood on the banks of a small river about a mile short of the village of Saumunon. About a mile and a half to the eastward of our camp a range of hills extended north and south, from which the French cannonaded a part of our army as it crossed the plain on the retreat from Burgos.

We halted the following day; at which we were all much pleased, as our camp was most agreeably situated, and the country afforded abundance of grass for our cattle.

On the 25th our march was about three leagues over a rich country, containing much corn, and some pretty neat villages, the inhabitants of which, particularly the females, were of a comely aspect. Indeed, as we advanced into Spain, both the country and people appeared to improve. It was somewhere near this place that General Paget was taken prisoner on the last day that the enemy pursued our army from Burgos. The roads, though good in fine weather, must be almost impassable in the rains, which will account in some degree for the difficulties experienced by our troops on that occasion.

On the 26th we marched about eight miles through a fine country, and encamped within about four miles of Salamanca. About a mile in our front was a range of hills, on which we saw some reconnoitering parties of the French, who must have had a good view of our division as we took up our ground. Our cavalry immediately advanced to occupy the heights, and about nine o'clock A. M. the enemy, in number about 3,000 infantry and 400 cavalry, were seen to evacuate Salamanca, and to retire by the road to Zamora. We afterwards learnt that General Fane's brigade of heavy cavalry, and Captain Bean's troop of horse artillery, came up with them about a league from Salamanca. The guns

did much execution among them, killing about 200 men; notwithstanding which they could not succeed in shaking the steadiness of their columns, which retired unmolested by our cavalry, with the loss of only about 200 prisoners. This retreat was highly creditable to our enemy, and proves, not so much the power of discipline, (for of that the French have not much,) as the conviction which every experienced soldier possesses, that in such circumstances there is no safety but in steadiness.

I was informed of a circumstance attending this affair, the like to which I never happened to have witnessed in the whole of my military career. Among the numerous killed and wounded which marked the passage of the enemy's columns were discovered a number of men rolling about on the ground, and foaming at the mouth, apparently in a fit, without any external signs of injury. This can only be accounted for as the effect of extreme fear, from seeing the guns run up almost into their faces, while they were compelled for their own safety to remain inactive.

About noon our division received a sudden order to march and encamp on the left bank of the Tormes, near a ford about a league below Salamanca. To be disturbed in this manner just as you have made yourself snug for the day is by no means pleasant; but as it forms no part of Lord Wellington's system to harass his troops unnecessarily, we packed up in good humour, and reached our ground about four P. M.

We halted on the 27th, and I took the opportunity to view the famed city of Salamanca, where the head-quarters of the army were then established. Salamanca, though not so large as I expected to find it, has certainly *once* been a handsome city. This *once*, be it known, I shall often have occasion to repeat with respect to almost every place which lay within the track of the French armies. But Salamanca, though not a fortified town, (to which partial destruction must happen as a matter of course in war,) experienced a fate which certainly could not have been in the contemplation of those who fixed upon it as the seat of learning: and I could not fail to

remark with a sigh, though neither a scholar nor a polemic, the destruction of its famous college, without, however, paying the same tribute to the fate of the convents which accompanied it in its fall. These buildings had been converted into a chain of fortifications by the French in the preceding campaign, and having stood a siege by our army, were of course reduced almost to a heap of ruins. In one of the cloisters the architecture of which was beautiful, I observed some squadrons of our cavalry picketed, not, however, before it had been turned to the same purpose by the French. Sad change! what would an Oxonian say at seeing his *alma mater* thus treated. But I candidly confess that my pity for the fate of Salamanca arose more from recollections engendered by the admirable novel of Le Sage, than from any sympathy with its learned inhabitants. The cathedral, the only building of any consequence which had escaped serious injury, is a remarkably handsome edifice, with respect both to its external and internal architecture. It contained a magnificent organ, the tones of which I had not an opportunity of hearing; but I understood that the music of the cathedral, particularly the vocal part, was very fine. The praca or square is really handsome, and has, in bas-relief, between the arches of its piazza, busts of all the kings of Spain, and of the celebrated characters it has produced. One of these spots, which appeared lately to have been occupied as a bust, was completely daubed over with mud and dirt; but whether the offending marble had represented King Joseph, or Ferdinand the beloved, I could not ascertain.

I was told that the inhabitants received our troops on this occasion, as well as the last, with every demonstration of joy. Indeed, wherever we passed we were greeted with a welcome. The nuns even waved their lily handkerchiefs through the gratings of the windows. I did not feel inclined to a nearer salutation, as I supposed the young ones had taken advantage of the turbulent times to renounce the veil; for even at the distance I viewed them I thought I could discover their grey locks.

Every thing that we had occasion to purchase in the

town we found exceedingly dear; and some of the inhabitants had the candour to acknowledge that prices had risen 30 per cent on our approach. It is thus that good easy John Bull is made to pay for the extortion of his enemies.

On the 28th we crossed the Tormes at the ford, and marched about sixteen miles in an easterly direction to Aldea Nueva de Figuera. The country which we passed was a well-cultivated plain, abounding in corn, and thickly studded with villages. In Spain the inhabitants whether gentlemen, mechanics, or peasants, engaged in husbandry, all congregate in towns or villages. I do not recollect ever seeing, throughout the country, such a thing as a detached country-seat, farm-house, or cottage.

Here we found ourselves in connection with the corps commanded by Sir Rowland Hill, consisting of his own division, the 2d, about 10,000 strong, that of the Conde d'Amarante, wholly composed of Portuguese, about 4,000 men, and a Spanish division, the strength of which I do not recollect.

Lord Wellington did not advance farther than Salamanca, but proceeded, by Armanda de Douro, to join the main body of his army, advancing up the right bank of the Douro. In the mean time we continued stationary under the command of Sir Rowland Hill, our cavalry being mostly posted between us and the river, to keep open the communication. As it was understood that the French had collected a force about six leagues in front, our division was kept on the alert, and all proper precautions taken to prevent surprise. Every morning we were under arms an hour before daybreak, and continued so till there was light sufficient to ascertain that no enemy was near. This was invariably the practice, when we were in the neighbourhood of any enemy whose movements we could not precisely ascertain; but when sufficiently close to feel them, as it were, with our picquets, these precautions became unnecessary; for no movement could then be made in advance by the enemy without its being immediately known; and as, by a regulation of Lord Wellington, the rendezvous or parade

of each battalion, brigade, or division, was always in the rear of its encampment or quarters, the force could always be assembled long before an enemy could reach the same point.

Our system of marching was calculated, as much as possible, to lessen the fatigue of the troops. During a march of about twelve miles or so we always made two halts, when the soldiers immediately took off their packs and lay down, each company resuming them only just in time to admit of its marching off in turn. The bands of the regiments, which were kept up by order of Lord Wellington, always struck up as each battalion moved off after a halt, as well as in passing through a town, which had an enlivening effect on the men. No soldier was allowed to fall out, under any pretence, without leave from the commander of his company, when he was furnished with a ticket, and compelled to leave his arms and pack with his comrades, in pledge for his expeditious return.

Our camps certainly formed a striking contrast to those brilliant displays of canvass to which I had been accustomed in India. Besides a comparatively scanty supply of tents, there was no regular order in the encampment, which was generally fixed in a wood or grove of trees, affording at once both shelter and fuel. Although deprived of the luxuries of the East, I cannot say that I felt any repugnance to the life I led, as long as the weather was fine. Seated on the green turf in the shade of an ilex, and surrounded by a temperate atmosphere, I felt to the full as happy, and far more comfortable, than ever I did under the most gorgeous canopy, exposed to hot winds, and a burning sun. And at night, when in my little gipsy tent, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down on a bear-skin mattras stuffed with fern, I slept as soundly as I could have done on a bed of down.

After our Commander's object in pushing forward the right wing of his army, under Sir Rowland Hill, (which I suppose was that of making a diversion in the direction of Madrid,) had been accomplished, on the 2d June our division moved to its left, and, by a forced march of seven

leagues reached the Douro, where we encamped opposite to the town of Toro. The country throughout the march was covered with plantations of vines, the wine from which is excellent. In fact, it is of the same quality as the original port, so much prized by John Bull in its adulterated state, and borne down to Oporto on the waters of the Douro. We also saw, as we approached the river, large plantations of cherry and peach trees, the fruit of which was fast approaching to maturity.

The next day we crossed the river, and passing through the town of Toro, encamped near a large village about two miles north-east of the town. Our artificers had not had time to repair the bridge, which had been destroyed by the French; our infantry, therefore, crossed it with the assistance of planks and ladders, while the cavalry, guns, and baggage, passed by a *pont-volant*, or by a ford at a small distance above the bridge.

Lord Wellington had entered Toro the day before our arrival, having crossed the Esla without opposition from the enemy, but with the loss of about fifteen men and some horses, drowned in fording it. The French evacuated the town on his approach; but the 10th Hussars, having followed the direction of their force, encountered, at a short distance from Toro, a body of the enemy's cavalry, about 1,400 in number, which they completely defeated, killing many, and taking about 230 prisoners. The enemy, we understood, mistaking our troops for Portuguese, came on with great confidence; but the 10th, headed by Colonel Colquhoun Grant, who commanded the hussar brigade, a very gallant and spirited officer, soon convinced them of their mistake. *Well-headed*, our cavalry certainly *ought* invariably to defeat the French, with any thing like equal numbers. Why they do not, is a question which I may hereafter discuss. This gallant *debut* of the 10th was a source of gratification to us of the infantry; for, unless our cavalry be able to cope with that of the enemy, the duty of the infantry becomes very harassing, from their being obliged to keep themselves constantly on the alert. We had one Lieutenant of the 10th killed, and one Captain taken.

Colonel Grant was slightly wounded. I saw some of the French horses that were taken. They were poor animals and in bad condition; but the men were fine-looking fellows.

The town of Toro is of considerable consequence, and larger than Salamanca, without containing any of those objects which render the latter place so interesting. The cathedral, which is a clumsy edifice, apparently of considerable antiquity, but more resembling a large martello tower than a place of worship, is the only building worthy of notice. The land on the right bank of the Douro being so much higher than that on the left, the town presents a singular appearance when viewed from the southward, standing as it does on a cliff overhanging the river.

The French had expended a good deal of labour in constructing works to oppose our passage of the river at this spot; but the masterly manœuvres of Lord Wellington, in turning the whole line of the Douro, rendered their works useless; a pleasing reflection to us, who might otherwise have had to knock our heads against them. They had also put the castle, a square building, with round towers at the angles, into complete repair, and placed the town in a state of security against the Guerilla parties, who, to all appearance, must have kept them in constant alarm. If, however, I might judge by some lines I saw written on one of the gates of the town, the French did not quit Toro without regret; but whether the feeling was reciprocal or not I did not remain long enough to ascertain. The lines were as follows, but miserably spelt:

> "Habitans de Toro, ne perdez pas espoir,
> Bientôt les Français viendront vous revoir."

In this couplet the author, whatever claims he might have to poetical inspiration, certainly proved that he had none to the character of a prophet.

CHAPTER XIII.

Amount of the Army.—Advance in the direction of Valladolid.—Reception by the Spaniards.—Disagreeable duty on a forced March.—Description of the Country.—Palencia.—Devastations of the French Army.—Encampment in Rain.—Approach to Burgos.—Affair with the French Rear Guard.—Burgos blown up. Cross the Ebro.—A beautiful Valley.—Failure of our Supplies. Anecdote connected with that subject.—Affair with a Division of the French Army.—French Order of March.—Arrival near the Enemy's Position at Vittoria.—Extraordinary Dream of the Author's.

Sir Rowland Hill's corps having crossed the river the day after our division, the whole Anglo-Portuguese army was concentrated on the right bank of the Douro. It consisted of about 65,000 infantry and artillery, and about 8,000 cavalry, making a total of about 73,000 men. Of this number about 22,000 might be Portuguese. Besides this force there were two Spanish divisions under Lord Wellington's immediate command, the strength of which I do not recollect. This was altogether the largest and most efficient force that his Lordship had till then ever had under his command.

On the 4th of June our division made a forced march of twenty-five miles, in order to take the advance of the army, which was moving in three columns at a short distance apart. The centre one was composed of the 3d, 4th, and light divisions; that on the right of the 6th and 7th; and that on the left of the 1st and 5th; General Hill's corps moved in the rear of the centre column. The cavalry did not appear to be attached to any particular division, but moved independently, part in front of each column.

We encamped for the night on a hill overlooking a

convent, the name of which I do not recollect. It had been a fine building, judging by its walls, which alone remained to bear testimony to the ravages of the French. On our march we passed through several large villages, the churches of which rang merry peals in honour of us, while the inhabitants made the skies re-echo with shouts of "Viva los Ingleses;" "Et los Portuguesos tambien!" exclaimed a man of my company; for which piece of national spirit I gave him credit. We passed the 3d and 4th division on the road, also a large body of our cavalry, which appeared in good condition. The troops were much fatigued with the length of the march, together with the heat of the day. On such occasions the situation of an officer commanding a company is worse than that of a slave-driver. To have to urge the men beyond their strength, and to be obliged to turn a deaf ear to their entreaties to be allowed to fall out, until the poor wretches sink from exhaustion, or are pronounced incapable of proceeding by the surgeon, was by far the most disagreeable duty that fell to my lot. The General commanding the division may censure the Brigadier; the Brigadier may find fault with the Commanders of Battalions; and these last may rate the Captains for the number of men left behind on the march, without any great expense of feeling; but to the latter officer, who comes in immediate contact with the soldiers whose sufferings he witnesses, it is really heart-rending. I boast not very nice feelings, yet I have frequently, in a long march, dismounted and loaded my horse with the packs of such poor fellows as I thought the least capable of keeping up. This would not be necessary with the men of whom the army is now composed; but towards the end of a long war you are obliged to put up with poor weakly creatures, to whom a musket, pack, provisions, and 60 rounds of ammunition are no trifling load.

Our division continued marching daily, and on the 7th entered Palencia, having passed through the town of Ampudia and within sight of Medina de Rio Seco. For the greater part of the way we skirted a table-land,

from which we did not descend till within two miles of the town of Palencia, of which, with the valley of the Carrion, we had a good view. A few miles on our right we left Valladolid; between that town and our line of march the country was rich and cultivated, abounding in corn almost fit for the sickle. Within about a mile and a half of Palencia we crossed the Canal de Castilla, by a bridge, at which we saw the marks of a French picquet, which had quitted only that morning. We crossed the Carrion by a stone bridge close to the town.

Palencia is a fine old town, but of sombre appearance, and remarkable only for having all its streets lined with piazzas, chiefly supported on wooden pillars, like those of Chester. The Cathedral is a fine building, but of extraordinary architecture, partaking of almost all the orders that ever were invented; which, indeed, is very much the case with the old religious edifices of Spain, which were begun by the Goths, converted into mosques by the Moors, and again restored to their original purpose by the modern Christians.

The inhabitants were very glad to see us, as well they might be, for the French had done them a great deal of wanton mischief, particularly in the avenues, pleasure-grounds, and gardens surrounding the town, which they had shamefully ravaged and laid waste. Here, the day before our arrival, King Joseph had reviewed a considerable part of his army, the rear guard of which did not retire till seven o'clock on the morning of our entrance. The soil is remarkably fertile hereabouts, and abounds in corn, which the French did not spare; neither did we, but with this difference, that we paid for what we took.

On the 8th we quitted Palencia, by an excellent high-road, which the French had taken great pains to keep in order; but after proceeding on it for about eight miles, we struck into a cross-road leading over a highly cultivated plain, in which the villages, or rather towns, were so thick that I could count ten with my naked eye without being much elevated, a sure sign, where no extensive manufactures exist, of the agricultural riches of a

country. Our route lay for the most part through vineyards, which must have suffered from the march of our column; notwithstanding which, the inhabitants never lost their good-humour, but received us with greetings as we passed. Shortly after we reached our ground, it commenced raining, and continued to do so without intermission during the whole night, accompanied by a high wind, so that when morning appeared there was scarcely a tent standing. Having been compelled to encamp in a fallow field to avoid trampling the crops, our appearance was most pitiable, drenched from head to foot, up to our knees in mud, and from the scarcity of wood in the country, possessing no means of drying ourselves. It would not do, however, to stand still in such a predicament; so we trudged off, wading through mud all the way, to a small town about two miles distant, where we got billetted in the houses. In return for the shelter afforded us we were compelled to rob the inhabitants of all their fire-wood, a scarce article in this part of Spain.

The following day we moved about thirteen miles in a northerly direction, following nearly the course of the Canal de Castilla, which we crossed once or twice, and afterwards accompanied it in its passage across the Carrion, which is accomplished by a handsome aqueduct, answering also as a bridge. In consequence of the heavy rain, we found the roads very deep.

By the 11th we marched to Villasandina, having crossed the Pasuerga by a good stone bridge. A range of high hills here intervened between us and Burgos, in the direction of which we marched on the 12th. We heard that the enemy had taken up a position between us and the town; but in this we were deceived; for they had only a few battalions and some squadrons posted near Hornillas, which retired on perceiving the extent of our force, consisting of Sir Rowland Hill's corps, which had advanced up the right bank of the Arlanzon, the 4th light division, and the greater part of the cavalry of the army. The enemy, though hard pressed by our cavalry and horse artillery, succeeded in crossing the Arlanzon, and joined their main body near Burgos, with little loss. The

French showed a large force between the Arlanzon and Burgos, so that we all expected an affair of consequence; but I presume it was not the wish of Lord Wellington to bring on any thing serious, or to press the enemy too hard at this point, that he might give time to the left wing of his army, which was pushing rapidly to the northward to turn the line of the Ebro, and, if possible, to gain the high road to Bayonne, before the enemy's army could be assembled in force to oppose him. He appeared, in fact, indifferent about every thing but the accomplishment of the grand plan which he had chalked out, and with which he would not allow any thing to interfere. In the evening we retired, and encamped on the river Hormoza, about two leagues from Burgos, having been under arms from three o'clock in the morning till seven at night. On the following morning early we were awakened by a loud explosion, preceded by two guns, in the direction of Burgos.

On the 13th we moved through the village, and formed in close columns under a hill, while Lord Wellington proceeded to reconnoitre on the road to Burgos; but he soon returned, bringing information that the works had been blown up, and the town evacuated, by the enemy. Thus an end was put to our expectations of a second siege of Burgos.

Our division was immediately put in motion, and marched about fourteen miles up a beautiful valley formed by the Hormoza river, containing plenty of wood, and some villages, most romantically situated. We halted at a place called Tovar, not far from Villa Diego, where the head-quarters were. The greater part of our cavalry, consisting of three heavy brigades, the hussars, and three regiments of Portuguese, passed us during the march.

On the 14th we resumed our march in company with the 4th division, proceeded about twenty-five miles over a mountainous country, occasionally intersected by pretty valleys, and encamped by a pleasant wood. We did not come to our ground till past four, and the day having been very hot, the troops were much fatigued.

We marched on the 15th over a dreary table-land, the surface of which resembled the black incrustations of lava, and, at the end of about fifteen miles, reached the head of a pass descending into the valley of the Ebro, where we were detained a considerable time while our cavalry defiled through it. But this delay was amply recompensed by one of the most beautiful views I ever beheld, our admiration of which was, perhaps, heightened by its contrast with the dreary region through which we had just passed. Beneath our feet, at a considerable depth, lay a valley about five miles in length by two in breadth, clothed in the brightest verdure, and studded with villages, whose modest spires peeped coyly through the grove of trees which surrounded them. The Ebro, here a rapid stream, issuing from the mountains on our left, winded gracefully through the level ground, and again forced its way through the hills, which seemed to close as if to dispute its passage. Just below us lay the pretty bridge of Arenas, and immediately beyond it the small scattered town of the same name; while the mountains in the back-ground, successively overtopping each other till they were lost in the clouds, crowned the landscape, and added sublimity to the scene. It was, in short, one of those spots where nature sometimes delights, amid the wildest scenes, to stamp her seal of loveliness. Nor was the enchantment much diminished, when on descending into the valley, we pursued a road winding through gardens and cherry orchards, the trees of which latter, laden with ripe fruit, seemed inviting us to partake of their abundance. We did not come to our ground till about five P. M., having marched in all about eighteen miles. Our division and the 4th were encamped in the gardens and orchards I have described, which, as it might be expected, were soon stripped of their fruit.

On the 16th we began our march, following the course of the river for about two miles, through a most difficult pass, where a handful of men might bid defiance to thousands; and afterwards debouched into a very pretty valley, where we found the 5th division encamped. We

continued over hill and dale, till we reached Medina, a town of some size and importance, situated on a branch of the river Nela. The contrast between this country, and that near the banks of the Douro, was striking. The scenery here is said to resemble some parts of Switzerland, from the sublimity of the mountains, and the beauty and fertility of the valleys.

On the 17th we marched about twenty miles, the latter part of the way through a beautiful wood chiefly composed of majestic firs, and surrounded by a wall, which caused me to suppose it was one of the royal forests. Owing to the frequent halts and countermarches, in consequence of our having mistaken the road, we did not arrive at our encampment till four P. M.

Since we crossed the Ebro, considerable difficulty had been experienced by our commissariat, in procuring bread for the troops; but now the supplies of that article entirely failed, and none could be obtained in the villages, the inhabitants declaring, whether true or not, that the French had taken all. This is the ready and invariable answer, when they either cannot or do not choose to supply you. We continued, however, to be regularly served with our rations of meat, as the beasts which supplied it could, of course, carry their own carcases with the army, however they might be reduced in quality by the length of the march.

When encamped near gardens, bean or pea-fields, we generally found the soldiers ready enough to help themselves; to prevent which, it was necessary to inflict some punishment; but when our supplies of bread had entirely failed, it was thought proper to make up the deficiency, by purchasing some bean-fields for the use of the men; and fatigue parties were told off to gather the produce. I never shall forget the observation of a Pat as he trudged along sulkily on this duty. "By J——s," said he, "I suppose they'll be after sending us out to grass next."

Our division was now ordered to be headed by one of

the rifle battalions, which precaution denoted our proximity to the enemy.

On the 18th, after having marched about eight miles, the cavalry attached to our division, (four squadrons of the German hussars,) fell in with a body of the enemy's horse, which they immediately charged and dispersed, taking about thirty prisoners. As our hussars reported that they had observed a body of French infantry on the march by a road which crosses obliquely that on which we were advancing, our rifles were immediately sent forward, and soon came up with and engaged the rear brigade of the enemy, not, however, before they had so far crossed our line of march, that no effectual impression could be made on them.

While this was going on, the other brigade of the same French division suddenly made its appearance through a pass on our right; upon which the greater part of our division was immediately formed on the height overlooking the valley. They marched along in loose and straggling order, to all appearance totally ignorant of our proximity, which circumstance was extraordinary, as we had a distinct view of them, and they could hardly have missed hearing the firing in the affair with their leading brigade. The head of their column had, in fact, almost come abreast of the right of our position, before they discovered their predicament. On perceiving it they closed their ranks rapidly, and struck off the road towards the mountains on the right. The rifles of our brigade, supported by the 52d regiment, were immediately pushed after them, and drove them in confusion up the hill, on the side of which they attempted to rally; but the 52d continuing to advance upon them in line, they soon disappeared among the mountains, accompanied by about 200 cavalry, which took no part in the affair. Most of the baggage, which moved between the two brigades, fell to the lot of our riflemen. A good deal of plate, all Spanish, was found in the officers' trunks—a clear proof of the brigandish propensities of persons who ought to have set a better example, but who, I believe, differ from the privates only in being

more accomplished rogues. We afterwards understood that this French division was about 5,000 strong, and had marched that morning from Frias on Vittoria, by a route received from head-quarters, which showed that our rapid advance had outstripped the calculations of the French General. We inflicted a loss on this division of about 240 prisoners, besides the killed and wounded, with but few casualties on our part. Their leading brigade reached Vittoria by the high-road: but the remainder, having been driven into the mountains, did not join their army till the day before the battle of Vittoria.

I should have been much surprised at the loose order in which the French marched, particularly in a country so beset with enemies as Spain, had I not, at the same time, noticed the rapidity with which they fell into their ranks on the first alarm. They moved in fact, like an Irish mob at a funeral; and the readiness of their formation from such an apparent state of confusion is explained by what I have since understood to be the French system of march: namely the pivot-man of each platoon preserves his proper position in the column, and the remainder extend themselves irregularly on the reverse flank, thus enabling each man to pick his way; which, in bad or heavy roads, must lighten the march considerably, and give them a great advantage in celerity of movement over troops who are compelled to pursue a more compact order of march. I doubt much whether our soldiers could be thus trusted out of their ranks.

On the same day that we had our affair with the French division, we learned that the 5th division had been smartly engaged with the enemy in a pass to our left, which they succeeded in forcing. Such was the nature of the country we had passed through since crossing the Ebro, that, had it been occupied by only a small part of the enemy's army, it would have taken us a whole campaign to have penetrated through it. Our commander, however, was beforehand with them; and, by one of the grandest manœuvres on record, not only

prevented their availing themselves of the natural defences of the country, but succeeded in turning all those positions where they reckoned upon having to oppose us, and which they had strengthened accordingly.

On the 19th we moved about twelve miles, and encamped a few miles in advance of the town of Espejo. We had to halt in the middle of the march, while the light troops of the 4th division were engaged in a pass to our left; for which reason we did not come to our ground till between five and six o'clock. It rained hard during the day, which, combined with the delay, was distressing to the troops. We passed through a large place called Salinas, containing, as its name betokens, an extensive and curious manufactory of salt. The inhabitants having recently been plundered by the French, expressed great delight on seeing us.

On the 20th we halted for the first time since we quitted the neighbourhood of Salamanca, having marched 270 miles in eighteen successive days. I am aware that if measured on the map, our march will not appear so long; but then it must be considered that the latter part was through a mountainous country, where the windings of the road always render the actual space traversed much greater than the direct distance between two places. The troops were, of course, a good deal fatigued, and began to evince the usual consequences of a long march in worn out shoes and sore feet; but notwithstanding this, and the privation they had undergone in the scarcity of provisions, they were in high spirits. In short, we had been constantly on the advance, and that is almost of itself sufficient to preserve the moral of an English army. Not that the Briton becomes elated at seeing his enemy flying before him, for I believe he would be better pleased to see him stand his ground; but while advancing he feels a confidence in his General, and thinks that his General has a just confidence in him; both which feelings are, in a retreat, exchanged for those of an opposite nature.

The town of Espejo is situated in a small fertile plain, or what in less mountainous countries would be

called a valley, about eighteen miles from Vittoria, between which and our camp a range of mountains intervened; so that, although close to our enemy, whose left wing reached within about five miles of our camp, we were, to all appearance, as far removed from the din of war as if we had been in our native land. The illusion would have been complete, had we not been reminded of our situation by the occasional sound of a gun fired at the reconnoitering party of Lord Wellington, who, while we were thus reposing after the fatigues of a long march, was employed in examining the position of the enemy, who had been assembling their forces in the plain of Vittoria as fast as possible.

To a mind possessing the common feelings of our nature, few things can be more awful than the eve of an expected battle; and I claim no community of feeling with those persons who have not experienced, on these occasions, some awkward sensations about the region of the heart. It is different when fighting comes as an every-day occurrence, for then the mind becomes accustomed to it; but, setting fear aside, there must be in every zealous breast an anxiety as to the result of the conflict, which cannot but be harassing to the feelings. Here, in this peaceful valley, many a poor fellow, unconscious of the approaching action, slept his last sleep in this world. For my part I had seen and heard enough to convince me that we were on the eve of a great battle; and, in the thoughts naturally engendered by that opinion, I lay awake the greater part of the night. But owards morning, when nature had asserted her empire over the senses, I had a most extraordinary dream, which I beg leave to relate for the amusement of the reader. I dreamt that we had a general action, in which I lost a leg from a cannon-shot; and that, no surgeon being at hand, I died from loss of blood. I supposed myself lying among other dead bodies waiting for the last trumpet. I had read in Scripture that we were to rise in our bodies, and I began to think what a pretty figure I should cut, hopping up to judgment with only one leg, for I could no where see mine; the military sextons.

who are not over nice in these particulars, having most likely deposited it in the neighbouring grave of some grenadier. At last I espied one at a short distance. I made a grab at it; but it would not fit at all, having been carried off full three inches higher than my own. It was besides rather of the Tuscan order, and I used to pique myself on the contour of my nether limbs. I determined, however, to keep it by me, supposing the owner might have got possession of mine, in which case we might set each other to rights at the general muster; not reflecting that I might fare no better in this case than at an assembly, where if you happen to take home an old hat instead of your own new one, the proprietor of the former is seldom at any pains to rectify the mistake. While this was passing in my mind, and I was engaged in these metaphysical subtleties, suddenly the awful trumpet sounded. I started up at the noise, but could scarcely believe that I was actually awake and in the land of the living; for I heard the trumpet, or rather bugle, sounding in earnest. It was the first call for the march. I rubbed my eyes, fell in with my corps, and soon lost all recollection of my dream in the march and battle. This extraordinary coincidence, of the last trumpet and the first bugle I leave to philosophers to reconcile.

CHAPTER XIV.

French Position at Vittoria.—Battle.—Anecdotes connected with it March in pursuit of the enemy.—Villages plundered by the French.—French Bivouac.—New kind of dish.—French system of Retreat.—Patriotism of a Spanish Peasant.—Arrival at Pampeluna.—Army suttlers.—Murder of a Spanish Priest.

Before I begin such a description of the battle of Vittoria as my limited means of observation will allow, it is necessary that I should give an outline of the position occupied by the enemy's army. Their right was posted to the northward of the town of Vittoria, across the river Zadora, on some heights overlooking the villages of Abechucho, and Gomarra Major, both of which were strongly occupied; the latter in particular, as it covered the bridge over which passed the high-road to Bayonne; thence crossing the river, and following nearly its course, their line extended to the mountains, enclosing the plain of Vittoria to the southward, on the extremity of which, opposite to the village of Puebla, and overlooking the valley of Zadora, their left was posted. The position of their wings was strong; but the only strength of their centre consisted in the river, and in a height about half gun-shot from it, which commanded the valley for some distance. Their reserve was judiciously posted in the rear of their centre, on some heights near the village of Gumecho. I do not know whether the river Zadora was fordable or not; but most probably it was; for in the length of the position, there were not less than four bridges, not one of which the French had attempted to destroy. The banks, however, were precipitous. This position was, I think, too extended, being little less than ten miles in length, but its main defects were; first, that it faced the wrong

way; and next, that the only roads by which the enemy could retreat lay at one extremity of their line, so that if defeated, their left wing stood a good chance of being cut off. It would have been better in my opinion, had they posted their centre on the heights occupied by their reserve, and extended their left to the adjacent hills, where it might have been, perhaps, as advantageously posted as it was on the extremity of the range above Puebla. By this arrangement their force would have been more concentrated, and they could have afforded to strengthen their right, which was properly the key of their position. But, making the best of it, the ground immediately about Vittoria could not afford them a very strong position; and nothing could have justified their giving battle in such a situation, when the mountainous country in the rear must have offered them some impregnable positions, unless it was the necessity under which they felt themselves of covering Vittoria, and of endeavouring to secure the junction of Clausel's division.

This action began about seven o'clock in the morning, in the attack of the mountain above Puebla, by a Spanish brigade under General Murillo, supported by a part of the 2d division under Colonel Cadogan. These troops, after some severe fighting, in which General Murillo was wounded, and Colonel Cadogan killed, succeeded in dislodging the French, and in maintaining their position, notwithstanding the reinforcements sent up by the enemy, who, too late in the day, saw the importance of this point to the security of their left wing.

Early in the morning our division, followed by the 4th, pursued the course of the Zadora, and advanced nearly opposite to the enemy's centre, where we lay down under cover of a hill, till such time as the divisions on our left were sufficiently advanced to commence the attack.

After the mountain of Puebla had been carried, the remainder of Sir Rowland Hill's corps crossed the Zadora, by the bridge of Subijan, and passing through the village, advanced under a heavy fire of artillery against

the enemy's line, posted behind it; which, however, did not wait to be seriously attacked, but commenced retreating under the foot of the hills, towards the position of their reserve. About this time, that is to say, about one o'clock, our division moved forward, crossed the bridge of Nancarles, and took post on an eminence a little beyond it, nearly opposite to the height occupied by the enemy's centre; in doing which we were somewhat incommoded by a few guns which were brought down to the bank of the river to bear on our flank. The 4th division followed immediately, and formed on our right. Being halted here a short time, we were enabled to look around us. To our right the 2d division was warmly engaged with the enemy's left wing, which kept retreating before it, and on our left we perceived the 7th and 3d divisions, which had just debouched from the mountains, advancing boldly across the valley towards the bridge of Puentes; the former division in line, with its skirmishers in front, and the latter in column in its rear. While we were apparently deliberating whether we should advance, we saw the 3d division suddenly shoot past the 7th, rapidly cross the bridge, and push forward in close columns of battalions against the height occupied by the enemy's centre. We immediately moved forward, but only in time to see the French retreating from the heights in our front, which were almost instantly crowned by the 3d division. This retreat of their centre was rather premature; for it exposed their left wing, which was retreating pell-mell before the 2d division, to be cut off. Indeed, so near did they pass to the heads of the columns of our division, that had we pushed on with any degree of vigour, we must have captured their guns and caused them a severe loss.

Just as our battalion was in the act of turning the hill, of which the 3d division had taken possession, a body of cavalry came rushing full gallop round its base. Not a moment was lost; we threw ourselves into square,—to oppose what? not a charge of the enemy's horse, but that of one of our own hussar regiments, which, having

come suddenly on a battery of the enemy, was precipitately seeking shelter behind the hills. This danger being over, we continued our advance round the hill, till we came in front of the enemy's reserve, which, being joined by their left and centre, now formed a new line nearly at right angles with their former one. Here, for the first time during the day, our regiment became exposed to a severe fire of artillery, under which, however, we deployed in a very creditable manner. After remaining in this unpleasant situation for a short time, we were ordered to take ground to our left, and to join the remainder of our brigade in column behind the village of Gomecho, where we remained as a reserve, till the divisions on our right and left had dislodged the enemy from the heights in our front. We immediately moved up, and I then saw the first trophies of our success, in the capture of those guns, which a short time before, had poured destruction into our ranks.

The French were now retiring before us in a confused line, to gain some heights in their rear; while the greater part of ours, and the 3d and 4th divisions, continued to advance in two lines. The advance of the 4th division on our right, with their Portuguese brigade leading, was beautiful. We continued to drive the enemy in this manner from height to height in an easterly direction, till we came nearly abreast of the town of Vittoria, from the suburbs and gardens of which a destructive fire of artillery opened on our flank.

While the right wing of our army had been thus driving the enemy's left and centre before it, Sir Thomas Graham had been severely engaged with the enemy's right; and had succeeded in possessing himself of the villages of Abechucho and Gomarra Major, and the heights adjacent, in spite of the desperate resistance made by the enemy at this point, and their repeated endeavours to regain possession of the latter village, in capturing and maintaining which General Robinson's brigade of the 5th division suffered most severely.

Though we had been thus successful on both wings, the battle did not appear to be quite decided; for the

enemy still maintained their ground on the heights and in the suburbs about Vittoria, where they appeared from the fire which they kept up, to have a large force of artillery; while the 7th division, which had advanced in line with its left to the Zadora, was brought to a stand-still in the valley. At this time Lord Wellington rode rapidly up to the spot where we had halted, and, contrary to his usual habits, I thought he appeared hurried. He immediately ordered our brigade to form line to its left, and to advance against the enemy posted in the suburbs to the southward of the town, while he took our left brigade to combine in the attack of the 3d and 7th divisions on the heights in its front. This last movement was decisive; and the enemy, without waiting for us to come to close quarters, gave way, and retired in confusion through the town of Vittoria. The pursuit then became general. Our division turned to the eastward, and continued marching along a ridge running parallel with the mountains, whence we had a good view of the town, and the greater part of the enemy's army retreating in a confused mass behind it, on the road to Pampluna, which they were compelled to take, in consequence of Sir Thomas Graham's having cut them off from the high-road to Bayonne. Here was an opportunity for our artillery, every shot from which must have told with destructive effect. But I have since understood that their ammunition was expended; and that the Commandant of Artillery actually directed the nearest guns to keep up a fire of blank cartridges, in order to add to the confusion of the enemy.

As we had been detained in co-operating in the last attack, the left wing of the French, which had retreated along the foot of the hills, had gained so much head that we could not come up with it; but, towards sunset, as we continued marching along a ridge running parallel with the Zadora, we came nearly abreast of some battalions of the enemy, which were retreating in a valley on our right, followed by a brigade of our light cavalry. It was amusing to see the bloodless manœuvres of these two bodies. It reminded one of the bullying schoolboy,

following up his reluctant antagonist, but without daring to inflict the first blow. Whenever the cavalry advanced, as if to the charge, these battalions halted, and threw themselves into square, where they remained till the fire of the former had evaporated and they had begun to draw off, when the infantry fell back into column, and resumed their march. All this, however, delayed them so much, that, had there been day-light sufficient, we must have come up with them, in which case they could not have escaped being made prisoners.

Shortly after this, about dusk, the head of our column came suddenly on some wagons which had been abandoned by the enemy. Some one called out, "They are money-tumbrils." No sooner were the words uttered than the division broke, as if by word of command, and, in an instant, the covers disappeared from the wagons, and in their places was seen nothing but a mass of inverted legs, the superior members belonging to which were employed in groping for the dollars; for money it certainly was. The scene was disgraceful, but at the same time ludicrous. I was sent to endeavour to clear one of these wagons, in which I at length succeeded; not, however till the money had disappeared; when, to my surprise, I discovered an officer at the bottom, with his hands full of the precious metal! I shall not mention either his name or his regiment.

Excepting in the two instances which I have already mentioned, and when, at the close of the attack on the last position, the Blues came sweeping past us and covering us with dust, I saw nothing of our cavalry; of course I cannot say whether they at all contributed to the success of the day; but I presume that they must have pressed rather hard on the enemy in their retreat; otherwise the whole of their guns and baggage would not have fallen into our hands. The booty must have been immense; for, besides the military chest, &c. there was the baggage of King Joseph and his court, which must have been of considerable value. In fact, the battle of Vittoria was to the French like salt on a leech's tail! The plunder of Spain was disgorged at

one throe. Dollars and plate were so plentiful among the men, that the morning after the battle you might have got almost any sum in silver for a doubloon, the value of which was augmented in the ratio of its portability. Many of the soldiers, I know, buried their plunder near the spot where they halted for the night, in hopes some time or other to come back and redeem it. This, perhaps, few, if any, lived to accomplish, and there it may now lie, a relic for after-ages to disentomb.

About nine o'clock our division gave up the chase; when, although I had tasted nothing since day-break, I was so completely tired that I lay down, without even a cloak to cover me, and slept till morning.

On the 22d we were under arms about ten A. M., and moved off in pursuit of the enemy. We did not come up with them during the day; but witnessed with pain the desolation which marked their track. Not a village near the road but was plundered in the most wanton manner, and partly destroyed. The town of Salvaterra in particular, where the main body of their army had passed the night after the battle, was in a deplorable state. The French had completely cleared the houses of every moveable article, and what they could not carry off, they had destroyed in some way or other. A considerable space of ground covered with temporary huts, formed by the doors and window-shutters of which they had stripped the houses, interspersed with heaps of ashes and half burnt articles of furniture, bedding of different kinds, bones and offal of various animals, empty wine-skins and broken bottles, marked the spot where those who could not obtain shelter in the town, had spent the preceding night, not simply in cursing their stars, but in filling their stomachs and havresacks for the next day's march. We marched about twenty miles this day, during the latter part of which it rained hard; and we did not halt till near dark, when we bivouacked in a wood.

In the morning, previously to our march, our caterer had purchased a couple of live fowls from a soldier, who had found them with the baggage of a French offi-

cer. On these rare delicacies we had been feasting by anticipation as we trudged along with empty stomachs; but when the baggage came up, behold, they had been pounded to death between two portmanteaus on the back of a mule. But hunger, in a cold wet bivouac is not over-nice, so the said fowls, notwithstanding their tragical and most unnatural exit from this world, were forthwith consigned to a camp-kettle, and afforded us a dish, which all who partook of it pronounced to be delicious. Tender it certainly was, but whether that arose from the peculiar manner in which the fowls were killed I could not precisely tell. I would recommend, however, some of our celebrated professors of the gastronomic art, whose feelings may not be too delicate, to try the experiment, when, if it prove successful, the *Poulet écrasé, a la Bivouac* may figure, in the next edition of the *Almanac des Gourmands*, along side of the *Poulets a la Condc, a la Villeroi*, or *a la Montmorenci.*

On the 23d we started as early as possible, and, after marching about ten miles, our cavalry, riflemen, and horse-artillery came up with the enemy's rear-guard; but they contented themselves with skirmishing, and doing them as much injury as possible with the guns; for the order in which they moved, that of a close column flanked by *tirailleurs*, defied the attacks of cavalry or light troops. Besides, the nature of the country was such as to fȧvour them considerably, and to give infantry a decided advantage over cavalry. Aware of this, they themselves showed no horse whatever.

I had here a good opportunity of observing the system of the French when retreating before a superior force. About the middle of the march, if a good position offered, their rear-guard halted, in order to give time to their main body to gain head, and, having piled their arms, they laid themselves down quietly to repose, or sat down to their dinners. There they remained, without seeming to regard our movements, till our column had closed in sufficient force to allow of our making dispositions for attacking them, which, of course, took considerable time. Then, and not till then, they

deliberately shouldered their knapsacks, and marched off. To us, who were on the *qui vive*, the coolness with which they contemplated our movements appeared extraordinary; but it was nothing more than the natural conduct of men, who, being experienced in war, can so estimate their position, and calculate the movements of their enemy, as not to harass themselves unnecessarily. The river Araquil afforded them one of these positions, of which they took advantage, having destroyed the bridge. This latter circumstance, however, proved no obstacle to us, as we crossed by a ford at a short distance. As for the roads, they had no occasion to trouble themselves to destroy them; for, not being paved, the rain, which had continued incessantly since morning, joined to the trampling of their columns, had reduced them to such a state that our men could hardly keep their legs; and, being forced to pick their way, our line of march became very extended.

About 4 P. M. the main body of our division came up pretty close to their rear-guard; but Lord Wellington, who was present, contented himself with inflicting upon them as much loss as he could with the artillery, without bringing on any thing serious. Our light troops, however, continued the pursuit till near dark. A good many stragglers of the enemy were picked up during the day; but not so many as might have been expected, considering the precipitation with which they retired, and the state of the roads.

On this day's march, the French had not only plundered, but set fire to the villages—a piece of barbarity, which, as it could not impede our advance, could only have been resorted to in revenge against the inhabitants for having fled to the mountains with all their moveables, cattle, and provisions. Indeed, it is a cruel sight to follow a French retreating army! The peasants returned to their villages on our approach, and it was pleasing to observe that, amid the smoking ruins of their homes, they had spirit left, not only to hail us as their deliverers, but to receive us with smiling faces. We were, to be sure, now in Navarre, where the flame of resistance

to the detestable French invasion, fanned by the enterprising spirit of a Mina, had burned more steadily, if not more brilliantly, than in any other province of Spain.

Our route lay through a fine valley, extending from Vittoria to Pampluna, bounded by lofty mountains on each side, and abounding in strong military positions, which, to any but a well beaten army without artillery, would have afforded abundant means of defence. As far as Salvaterra we ascended the Zadora nearly to its source, where we joined the head of the Araquil, which runs in the opposite direction till its junction with the Arga near Pampluna. The communication between both banks of the river is kept up by a number of handsome stone bridges, monuments of the former prosperity of the country. We marched about twenty miles this day, and came to our ground dripping wet, with the disagreeable prospect of passing the night in a wood, without any shelter from the rain, which continued to fall in torrents. Happily, however, we were ordered to seek shelter in a neighbouring village, where it was probable that our regiment would have gone to rest supperless as well as dinnerless, had we not espied two fine fat bullocks grazing in the woods. According to the law of necessity, which is peculiarly the law of war, these animals were, without much hesitation, caught, shot, and served out to the men. This bit of marauding on our part gives me an opportunity of recording an instance of patriotism and generosity in a Spanish farmer, the owner of the animals, who came just in time to witness their fate. Instead of grumbling at his loss, and threatening to report us to head-quarters, as we expected, he said we were welcome to the beasts; and, on our offering to pay for them, he refused our money with indignation; adding that, as the conquerors of their oppressors, we had a right to them, and that all he wished was a certificate that we had appropriated them to our use, which document would procure him remuneration from his parish.

The next day we continued the pursuit of the enemy till within two leagues of Pampluna, where we halted,

and took up our quarters in some villages, which, as usual, had been well plundered. Our light troops and horse-artillery were engaged with the French rear-guard during the whole day; and on one occasion, when the latter had to cross a plain, our guns, from an eminence enfilading the road, cannonaded them with such effect, that we found a considerable number of killed on the way. We were sorry for it, as the rear-guard on this occasion was composed of a regiment of Nassau troops, which might be said to have been pressed into the French service, and which afterwards took an opportunity of coming over to us in a body, as will be seen in the sequel. They were superior-looking men to the French.

After the main body of our division had halted, our artillery, light troops, and cavalry, continued the pursuit of the enemy almost up to the gates of Pampluna. It was astonishing to see the alacrity and zeal with which the 95th (now the rifle regiment) set about this duty. In ordinary marches they would fall out from fatigue much the same as the other troops; but when any thing was going on in the front, not a man was to be found in the rear. All pressed forward eagerly to engage the enemy; though truth obliges me to confess that I believe the chief motive of their zeal was the plunder of the men whom they either killed or disabled, the French soldiers retiring from Spain being generally found to possess a good deal of money secreted about their persons. Their havresacks, also, were so well filled, that our skirmishers, on bringing down one of the enemy, would run up exclaiming, "I've nailed a commissary!"

As soon as we were settled in our quarters, the inhabitants, for the first time, brought us provisions in abundance, and at a moderate price; which latter was a sure sign that they had not been accustomed to deal with Englishmen. Happily for our purses, we had left, engaged in plundering the dead, those jackals who, in the capacity of suttlers, generally contrive to go between the natives and the army, and to pick up a livelihood at the expense of both parties. Many of these were sol-

diers' wives, or widows, who, on the demise of their lords, had set up for themselves, and, having possessed themselves of a mule, carried on a lucrative, if not a very honourable, traffic.

On the 25th we proceeded, by a fine high road, to within gunshot of Pampluna, where we were joined by the 4th division. Finding that the enemy had left a garrison in the town, we were compelled to halt for some time, till a road could be found which would take us clear of the fire of the fort. At length we filed off to the left, through a narrow path on the side of the mountain overlooking the town, of which we had a good bird's-eye view. The river Arga winds round the northern side of the fortress in a very picturesque manner. On passing the mountain we descended into a most beautiful valley, and took up our quarters in the small town of Villalba, within gunshot of Pampluna. The French had been passing through this place during the whole night, and had committed great depredations, for which they pretended to excuse themselves by saying, what was true enough, that the English had taken all their baggage, and that they must help themselves where they could. But nothing could justify, or even palliate, an act of barbarity which they committed in the murder of the priest of the town, whose tongue they previously cut out. His body lay in the middle of the street, just as the wretches had left it. He was a man, as we were given to understand, universally respected; the indignation of the inhabitants was therefore proportionably excited against the ruffians who could have disgraced humanity by such a deed. What offence he had committed against the French I could not learn.

CHAPTER XV.

March in pursuit of General Clausel.—Arrival at Tafalla.—Meet the Volunteers of Navarre.—Enter the Pyrenees.—Arrival at St. Estevan.—Beautiful Scenery.—Spanish Cure.—The Author sets off for St. Sebastian.

On the morning of the 26th June the sun rose without being preceded, as usual, by the sound of the bugle, which caused us to hope that we should be indulged with a halt; but about ten A. M. we were summoned to fall in, and moved off by a pathway leading past the town of Pampluna, from which we were sometimes at but a short distance. The garrison, however, did not attempt to molest us. In a short time we fell into a high-road leading southward to the town of Tafalla, on which we continued marching till sunset, when we bivouacked in a fine wood, having passed over about twenty miles. The country, though fine, was not so hilly, and of course not so picturesque, as that which we had just quitted. We passed near a noble aqueduct, crossing a valley about six hundred yards in length. The arches were in some parts very high, and it was altogether of a most elegant construction. I could not learn to what place it led.

Our object in this movement was to intercept a division of the French army, under General Clausel, in number about 13,000, which, having arrived in the neighbourhood of Vittoria the day after the battle, was endeavouring to gain the Pyrenees by passing to the southward of us.

We moved at day-light of the 27th, and marched about two leagues, when, conceiving that we were to halt for the day, we began to make ourselves as com-

fortable as circumstances would admit of; but, about noon, we were again put in motion, and continued marching till five o'clock, when we halted, a little short of the town of Olite, having passed through Tafalla, called the flower of Navarre, the inhabitants of which, dressed in their holiday attire, lined the balconies and streets, rending the air with loud and continued acclamations. This was by far the best peopled and most opulent looking town I had seen since my arrival in Spain. It was surrounded by extensive and well cultivated gardens, abounding in a great variety of fruits, which I was happy to see protected from the depredations of our soldiers and followers by patroles of cavalry. This, like most towns in Spain, has the remains of ancient fortifications. The castle, which is an old Moorish structure, had not long before been taken from the French by Mina; and a part of the town appeared to have been recently destroyed, probably on that occasion. I was sorry to find that our camp was fixed in the middle of cornfields and vineyards, and that our soldiers were compelled to resort to the olive-trees for fuel—a species of sacrilege which, in time of peace, according to the laws of Spain, is punished with death. Now that we were off the track of the French army, we obtained abundance of provisions at a moderate price.

On the 28th, passing through Olite, which, though a bishopric, is a poor place, walled in, in the ancient style, we made a forced march of about twenty-eight miles to Casada, on the left bank of the Arragon. We halted for about three hours on the road, to cook, and our regiment did not reach its ground till near ten at night, and the last corps of the division not till one. This delay was owing to the nature of the road, which for the last eight miles, winded along the bank of the Arragon, by a path scarcely passable for single files. Our guns did not, of course, accompany us, and we saw nothing of our baggage till next day. This was by far the most harassing march we had during the whole campaign. Our route lay, for the most part, through a

barren and disagreeable country. We crossed the Arragon by a good stone bridge about a mile from Casada. It being so dark that we could not choose our ground, we bivouacked in a ploughed field, without the means of lighting fires; and, as it came on to rain as soon as we had halted, we spent any thing but a pleasant night. He was a lucky dog who could find a stone to sit on to raise him from the wet ground. The head-quarters were at Casada. Here we halted the following day, having desisted from the chase of General Clausel, who had given us the slip by following the course of the Ebro to Saragossa. He would have fallen directly into our jaws, had he not been apprized of our approach by the Alcade of Tudela. The 4th division, which had been moving in our rear, was but a short distance off. It rained the whole day, which took away all the pleasure of a halt.

On the 30th we again turned our faces northward, and moved about eight miles up the river to Sanguessa, an ancient but gloomy-looking town, situated in a wild and barren country. We here found a party of the volunteers of Navarre, which, having followed Clausel's division to some distance, had succeeded in making a good many prisoners, who, if we might judge by their appearance, had not much improved in condition, since they had been in Spanish custody. The volunteers were fine-looking lads, and full of spirit. The 3d division of our army entered the town shortly after us.

We halted again on the first of June, and on the following day re-crossed the Arragon, and marched about twenty-two miles, when we quartered ourselves in some villages near the high-road between Tafalla and Pampluna, and not far from the aqueduct which we had before passed. The cross-roads hereabouts, as usual in Spain, are execrable; but the royal roads, as they are termed, are constructed on the most durable principle, having their sides walled in, and the intermediate space filled with small stones and earth, which soon makes a hard and compact substratum, not to be injured by rain.

The 3d of June brought us back to Pampluna by the

same road by which we had quitted it, and we quartered ourselves in a village on the side of the mountain overlooking the town, which we found completely invested by our troops.

On the 4th we were indulged with a halt, of which I took advantage, to examine the redoubts which our engineers were throwing up round the town, it having been the intention of Lord Wellington not to lay siege to the place, but to reduce it by famine; for which purpose we heard that the Spanish division of General O'Donnel was shortly expected to relieve our troops. They fired occasionally from the fort on our working parties, but without much effect.

The next day we began our march into the Pyrenees, and, having crossed the mountain to the northward of Pampluna, proceeded by a beautiful valley to the village of Ostez, about two leagues on the high-road to Bayonne. This, though one of the principal roads through the Pyrenees, was hardly passable for guns. What then must be the inferior roads?

On the 6th we proceeded about seven miles up the same valley, and encamped in a thick wood. The road for about two miles lay through a most difficult pass, which might be defended by light troops against Satan and all his host.

On the 7th we quitted the high-road to Bayonne, which leads through the pass of Maya, and marched about fourteen miles through mountains and woods, forming the grandest scenes in nature. We took up our quarters in the town of St. Estevan, situated in a lovely valley, through which winds the Bidassoa, whose banks were studded with villages, farm-houses, and patches of yellow corn, which latter, while it gave a richness to the landscape, afforded an agreeable contrast to the verdure of the hills, which were clothed with wood to their very summits. Even in this sweet spot, which might have staid the hand of any one not altogether deaf to the voice of nature as well as to humanity, the French had, as usual, left traces of their wanton barbarity.

We halted at St. Estevan a couple of days, during which I was quartered in the house of the curate of the village, a simple, kind-hearted old man; but of whose sanctity I should have been better assured, had it not been for the comely aspect of his house-keeper. He had a most inveterate hatred of the French, whom he never designated by any other name than Govachos, *i. e.* Northerns. But though the dislike of his neighbours was in some degree national, (a feeling always strongest on the frontiers,) what chiefly excited his wrath was the abolition, by Buonaparte, of the Holy Inquisition, which tribunal he designated as the grand support of the Catholic and Apostolic religion: and in this perhaps he was right; for, without something like an inquisition, it is impossible to prevent the growth of dissent, which must in the end affect the security of any established form of religion, much more one so loaded with abuses as the Church of Rome. My friend, the padre, had composed a long poem on Lord Wellington and his victories; and he was cruel enough to inflict on me the penance of listening to it, begging, at the same time, that I would procure him an introduction to his Lordship, that he might have the honour of laying the epic at the feet of its hero.

While at St. Estevan I had the misfortune to lose out of my portmanteau a bag containing all my money, about sixteen doubloons—no contemptible sum, situated as I was. My suspicions naturally fixed on Senhor Domingo, whom I have already introduced to the reader as a person whose appearance was none of the most prepossessing, and whose conduct since he had been in my service had certainly not been such as altogether to belie his countenance. So forthwith Domingo was searched from head to foot, but with the discovery of only one doubloon sewed in his jacket, which might, or might not, have been mine. It would have been well for me had I taken this opportunity of packing him off; but I had nothing but my suspicions against him, and could not well dispense with his services, as the officers in the Portuguese service were not allowed (and very properly)

the use of a soldier servant during the march. In the British army the Captain's servant, as well as the batman of the company, was permitted to accompany the baggage; and, I believe, in the Guards every officer was allowed a soldier servant with his baggage, an abuse which ought to be corrected, as it diminishes the effective strength of the army. Thus much must indeed be said in extenuation of the practice, that every soldier with the baggage was compelled to move in full marching order, so as to be ready to fall in as a baggage-guard if necessary.

On the 10th of June I bade adieu to my good-humoured but somewhat prosing *Patron*, when our division marched through the mountains to within a mile or two of the small town of Vera, on the heights beyond which the French were posted in force. Our regiment encamped on a small level spot, by which flowed the clear stream of the Bidassoa, surrounded on all sides by mountains; and the remainder of the division occupied similar spots along the bank of the river. Our picquets were posted in the town of Vera, close under the foot of the French position, and communicating with those of the divisions on our flanks. The banks of the Bidassoa abound in beautiful and enchanting spots, which, at any other time, would have been viewed by me with the liveliest emotions of pleasure; but which I could not now contemplate without pain, as soon to be devastated by the rude hand of man, who, in his quarrels with his fellow-creatures, makes every thing subservient to his end. Indeed, with the best disciplined armies, a few days' bivouac in a paradise would turn it into a wilderness.

After we had been here a few days, whom should I see trudging into our lines, on the back of a small mule, but my worthy host of St. Estevan, who, with his clerical dress, cocked hat, spectacles, and long legs reaching nearly to the ground, cut a most ludicrous figure. He had come expressly to reiterate his request that I would introduce him to Lord Wellington, for which purpose he had brought the manuscript with him. He was

much mortified when I stated my inability to comply with his wishes; but, to make up in some sort for his disappointment, I submitted to hear his last canto on the battle of Vittoria, which he had completed since our departure, and also to listen to a repetition of some of the favourite passages of his poem, which he thought might make such an impression on me as to induce me to alter my resolution, and to recommend it to the patronage of his Lordship. Certainly the sonorous Castilian, uttered with a good voice and a lofty theatrical air, did *sound* mighty fine; but I happened to know just enough of the language to perceive that it was a tissue of nonsensical bombast.

Shortly after this I was sent for by Lord Wellington, whose head-quarters were at a short distance, when his Lordship asked me whether I should like to act as an engineer at the siege of St. Sebastian; and, upon my answering in the affirmative, he told me that I might proceed thither as soon as I liked, as the place had been already invested. I proposed setting off instantly. He said, "No; you had better wait to see the result of the attack I am going to make on the French to-morrow, when perhaps you may get thither by a shorter route."

On returning to my lines I found that the Colonel had received some intimation of a movement to be made on the morrow, but whether to front, flank, or rear, he could not tell. All was mystery, from the General commanding the division downward. I could not help laughing in my sleeve, when I contrasted this with the information just given me by the Commander-in-chief himself. I mention this circumstance to show that, except in cases where secrecy was necessary, Lord Wellington had none of that mystery about him by which weaker minds seek to give importance to their measures. His movements were generally the result of previous combinations, concocted in secrecy, and known to none but himself; but, when things came to a point, he had no need to involve his measures in a cloud; for then a knowledge of the impending blow could not avert its consequences. Not that I mean to bring this up as a

case quite in point; for I believe the attack which his Lordship meditated, and which he abandoned on a closer view of the enemy's position, was a partial one, merely for the purpose of correcting his position.

On the morrow, the 15th July, I started for St. Sebastian, where I arrived in the evening, after riding through by-roads over a rugged and mountainous country, not diversified by any of those beautiful scenes which adorn the banks of the Bidassoa.

CHAPTER XVI.

Description of St. Sebastian.—Plan of attack.—Progress of the Siege.—Anecdotes connected with it.—The Author wounded. First Assault of St. Sebastian.—Opinions respecting the failure. Marshal Soult forces the Pass of Maya.

Before I proceed to relate the operations of the siege of St. Sebastian, as far as I was concerned in them, it is necessary that I should convey to the reader some idea of the situation of the town and its defences.

The town occupies the centre portion of a peninsula, formed by an inlet of the sea on its western, and by the river Urumea on its eastern side. At the extremity of the peninsula, immediately behind the town, rises a high hill, of an oval shape, with rocky precipitous sides towards the sea, and projecting so far beyond the isthmus on its western side, as to form, with the aid of moles, a good harbour for vessels of small burthen. On this hill is situated the Castle. The town is fortified on the land side by a regular line of works extending across the isthmus, having a large horn-work in front. The water faces consist of only a single high wall, with no flank defences but a few small towers, and quite exposed. Near the neck of the isthmus, about 900 yards from the

body of the place, is a range of heights, level with the inland country, but overlooking the isthmus. On this is situated the convent of St. Bartolomeo, and immediately under it is the suburb of St. Martin; the former the enemy had put into a state of defence, and occupied, and the latter they had destroyed.

On the land side, notwithstanding the proximity of the heights of St. Bartolomeo, the place is unquestionably strong; but the face next to the Urumea must be considered weak, because it can be breached from the opposite side of the river, and approached at any time within half tide.

The plan adopted for the attack was to breach the wall of the river face, between two towers, nearly at its junction with the land face; to push our approaches as far as possible on the isthmus, and there to lodge our troops for the assalt. This plan would probably have succeeded with an ordinary enemy: it was, in fact, that pursued by the Duke of Berwick in the war of the succession, when, according to the old system, the garrison surrendered as soon as they could march out of the breach; but the French showed that they were not to be bullied out of the place in this manner.

On the night of the 13th of July we began erecting batteries on the sand-hills to the eastward of the river, some for mortars and howitzers, but chiefly for breaching; and at the same time two small batteries were constructed to bear on the convent of St. Bartolomeo, from which, and a redoubt adjacent, it was necessary to dislodge the enemy before we could proceed with our operations on the isthmus.

On the 17th, the batteries having nearly destroyed one end of the convent, it was assaulted and carried without difficulty; previously to which, however, it had been thought proper to feel it; and felt it was with a vengeance, for we lost a great many more men in this false attack, which answered no purpose, than we did in the real one which succeeded.

As soon as we had cleared the convent of St. Bartolomeo, we began erecting, on the eminence on which it

is situated, batteries for enfilading and for knocking off the defences of the town; which duty was by no means pleasant, not so much on account of the fire of the enemy, as of the ground we had to work on, which was the burying-place of the convent. The exhumation of tiers of fat monks, whose bodies, instead of being mouldered, were turned into a kind of blubbery spermaceti, was an operation very offensive to the senses.

On the night of the 19th we began our approaches on the isthmus, both to the right and left of the ruined village of St. Martin; and on the 20th all our batteries on both sides of the river opened.

The enemy had a small circular redoubt made of casks, situated on the causeway leading into the town, about half way from the height of St. Bartolomeo. From this it was necessary to dislodge them; two or three guns from our batteries were therefore turned upon it during the day; and at night, when a party was pushed forward to attack the work, it was found that the enemy had abandoned it.

On this night, the 20th, we were to commence a parallel across the isthmus, and for this purpose I had 700 or 800 allotted me as a working party; but the early part of the night was so dark and tempestuous, that in proceeding to the ground, the majority of my party took refuge among the ruins of St. Martin; so that on setting to work I could not muster above 200 or 300 men. With this small number much could not be done; but the next night we completed the parallel to each side of the isthmus. While engaged in this duty the enemy, of course, kept up a smart fire of musketry from their covert-way, which caused us a good many casualties. On this occasion I witnessed a summary mode of burial, which I shall not easily forget. When a man was knocked down, the first thing done was to feel his pockets, the next to feel his heart; and then, with the ejaculation of "Poor fellow! it's all up with him!" he was deposited lengthways on the parapet we were throwing up, and was soon as comfortably buried as if he had been laid six feet under ground.

In cutting our parallel, a drain was discovered high enough to enable a man to walk along it by stooping, which, being explored, was found to lead into the ditch opposite to the left demi-bastion of the horn-work, where it was closed by a door. It was thought advisable to avail ourselves of this drain to plant a mine near the counter-scarp, which, if it did nothing more, would serve to alarm and divert the attention of the enemy at the time of the assault.

On the 23d, the breach being deemed practicable, it was intended to storm the following morning at day-break, at which time the tide was favourable, and the troops were collected in the trenches for that purpose; but, owing to a furious conflagration among the houses behind the breach, and which, to all appearance, the enemy were endeavouring to keep up as an obstacle to our attack, it was thought advisable to defer the assault. While our men lay in the trenches on the eve of what is, at all times, rather a desperate undertaking, I had occasion frequently to pass to and fro among them, and could not help observing, with some degree of astonishment, that, with a few exceptions, they were all, even the headmost, (who were, in fact, a forlorn hope,) in a profound sleep. Now many of these men would probably the next morning betray considerable fear, and some would perhaps behave like rank cowards, for all are not brave. Whence, then, this insensibility to their situation?

The next night the troops were assembled as before, preparatory to the assault, and I was directed, with a working party, to open a trench in advance of our parallel, in order to bring a fire on the horn-work during the assault. On this occasion I received a severe wound from a musket-ball which passed through my arm, and broke one of the bones. After recovering from the shock, I must own I felt a momentary gleam of pleasure at the idea of being thus put *hors de combat* in a way which did not endanger my life, but incapacitated me from accompanying the storming party the next morning. The fact was, I did not like the way in which things were going on. The attack was a kind of half-and-half busi-

ness, which might succeed against a timid enemy; but which was most likely to fail against such troops as the French, who, by the laws of Napoleon, were bound to stand at least one assault before they surrendered.

While my wound was dressing in the trenches I fainted from loss of blood; but was soon enabled, with the assistance of a soldier, to walk up to my quarters, when, throwing myself on my bed, I fell into a profound sleep, from which I did not awake till the explosion of the mine, which was to be the signal for the attack. I started immediately from my couch, and ran to the window, whence I had a distinct view of the town, when I soon saw our troops retiring in confusion from the breach, under a tremendous fire of musketry.

About an hour or two after the storming party had all retired from the trenches, the enemy sallied forth on the left of our parallel, in a most straggling and unmilitary manner; so that a dozen or two of resolute fellows, with sticks in their hands, could easily have beaten them back. But, soon gaining confidence from the feeble resistance offered to them, they advanced in greater numbers, and swept the whole length of our parallel, making prisoners of almost all the troops in the trenches, who had taken refuge in some ruined houses in the rear of the right of our parallel. For the credit of our army, I must say that they were all Portuguese. Thus ended the first part of the siege of St. Sebastian, which failed, as it merited; for we committed one of the greatest faults in war, that of holding our enemy too cheap. This contempt for your enemy is a merit in a soldier, but a fault in a chief. In my opinion, however, one immediate cause of the failure of the assault was, that the troops, instead of being lodged as near as possible to the breach, were extended the whole length of the parallel, so that, instead of advancing in as dense a column as possible, they came on as it were by driblets; in which straggling order they had to pass over a distance of 300 yards, under a heavy fire, before they could reach the breach. In fact, the grenadier company of the royals did penetrate as far as the houses behind the breach,

where they were made prisoners; but whether their capture was owing to difficulties they experienced from counter-entrenchments of the enemy, or to the want of proper support, I never could precisely learn. The mine which was sprung near the horn-work did more than was expected from it; for it not only blew in a considerable part of the counterscarp, but it so alarmed the enemy in that work, that they abandoned it for the time, and our Cacadores actually penetrated as far as the main ditch of the fort, where, had they been supplied with scaling-ladders, the result of the assault might have been very different. But in my opinion the chief error committed in this part of the siege, was in giving the enemy too early an insight into our plans. Instead of beginning to erect our breaching batteries from the first, we should have contented ourselves with making only such batteries and approaches on that side of the river as were necessary for knocking off defences, &c. while we directed our main strength in carrying on our approaches on the isthmus, and in erecting such batteries on the heights of St. Bartolomeo, as were there required; and when they were completed, and the batteries had played a day or two, then we should have turned our whole strength to the erection of our breaching batteries, if possible in one night, so as to have opened at daylight on the following morning. This I think was by no means impracticable; for though the nights were considerably shorter than they are in the East Indies, where the thing is constantly done, yet the nature of the ground was favourable to the work, and, what is of infinitely more consequence, the work could not be retarded by sorties of the enemy. By these means, not only would the enemy have been kept in ignorance of the spot where we intended to breach, till the batteries had actually opened, but the breach itself would have been completed in half the time that it really was, because the batteries intended for that purpose would have been worked with greater vigour and activity, in consequence of the guns of the fort having been previously silenced, and the defences in a great measure destroyed. But

even allowing all this to have been done, the attempt to storm the place without first possessing ourselves of the horn-work which flanked the approach to the breach, was a measure, which, considering the kind of enemy we had to deal with, and that we were not particularly pressed for time, can hardly be justified.

In the course of the day we obtained information of Marshal Soult's irruption into the Pyrenees, and of his having forced the pass of Maya, which piece of intelligence did not, of course, tend to raise our spirits.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Wounded proceed by sea to Bilboa.—Wretched state on board ship.—Ludicrous Anecdote.—Arrival at Bilboa.—Description of that Town.—Conduct of the English and French towards the Inhabitants contrasted.—Lieutenant Reid.—Marshal Soult repulsed in his attempt to relieve Pampluna.—General Castanos. Bull-feast.—The Author meets a Friend in need.—Recovers from his wound, and returns to St. Sebastian.—Some Account of the second Assault.—Destruction of the Town.—Conclusion of the Siege.—Remarks thereon.—Engineer Department.

It having been resolved that the wounded should proceed by sea to Bilboa, the evening after our unsuccessful attack, I retired to a village two or three miles in our rear on the road to Passages, at which port we were to embark. Here I took up my quarters in a comfortable looking house, hoping to pass a quiet night. In this, however, I was grievously disappointed; for no sooner had I undressed, a thing I had not ventured to do during the siege, and lain down on my bed, than I was assailed by a host of fleas. Under ordinary circumstances I should have got up and put on my clothes, which would have afforded me some protection from their attacks; but wounded as I was, and unable to dress without as-

sistance, I was quite at the mercy of these tormenting vermin. My wound had now begun to be extremely painful, previously to suppuration, which, joined to the irritation caused by my unrelenting bed-fellows, threw me into a raging fever. The night, moreover, was suffocatingly hot; my arm felt as if it would burst its bandage; and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth with thirst. I got up, groped about the room in vain for a jug of water, tumbled over a chair, and ran my wounded arm against the bed-post. In short, I was half mad. At last I found my way to the door, and, after roaring with all my might for some time, at length I succeeded in rousing my landlady, who struck a light, brought me some water to drink, loosed the bandage of my arm, and helped me—blush not fair reader, for the good woman had seen her half century, and I, God help me! was in any thing but an amorous mood—helped me to put on my clothes; when, throwing myself on the bed, with the jug of water by my side, I passed the remainder of the the night, not certainly in sleep, but somewhat more composed.

The next morning I proceeded to Passages, a small, but extraordinary-looking port, formed by the mouth of a small river or estuary which communicates with the Bay of Biscay through a narrow outlet in the cliff, the sides of which are so perpendicular as to resemble the entrance into a colossal dock. Here I found our artillery employed in embarking the guns and stores used in the siege, which measure it was thought proper to resort to, in consequence of the uncertainty which prevailed regarding the operations going on in the Pyrenees.

In the evening I embarked on board a transport, which set sail that night with upwards of 300 wounded on board, so crowded that the men had hardly room to lie down on the decks. In charge of this number there were two assistant-surgeons, without even a medicine-chest or bandages, or any instruments but what they carried in their pockets. One of these was half drunk, (or fuddled as they call it,) all the time he was on board; and kept recommending to his patients, as a

cure for their sufferings, a portion of that fluid which, if it did not drown his own sorrows, certainly produced a total disregard for the sufferings of others. The other practitioner was an inexperienced young man, willing to do what he could, but possessing neither the means nor the power to be of any essential service among so many. Scarcely any of the poor men had had their wounds looked at since they were first dressed. There they lay, crowded together on a close deck, at the hottest season of the year, in a wretched state of helplessness, groaning, and dying, and calling for water. But amid this dismal scene a momentary gleam of mirth was excited among those whose powers of hilarity were not quite locked up in their misery, by the remark of an Irishman, who, as he lay on his back on the deck, ejaculated in a tone as doleful as it was comic, "By J——s, you may talk of *hardships*, but *this* is the *hardest ship* I ever was in in my life!"

For my part I could not bear to be below; so I availed myself of the use of my legs, which were luckily unhurt, to get on deck, where I passed the night. As I lay on the hard planks listening to the groans of my poor companions, I could not help contrasting the scene beneath me with the mild heavens that glittered above my head, and thinking how many souls within a few yards of me were at that moment taking their flight to those regions on which my eye was fixed. But, in spite of these mournful thoughts, I was so overcome with the loss of rest the previous night, that I fell into a profound sleep, from which I did not awake till the splashing of water around me gave notice of that—to a lands-man, most horrible of all operations—the washing decks.

Another day and night I was doomed to pass in this living charnel-house, during which time many of the poor fellows died, several from locked-jaw, which, with proper care, might have been averted. We had no materials for cooking, even if we had been disposed to eat; so some hard biscuit and water were all that entered my lips during the passage. Our baggage had gone by land; I had neither a servant nor a change of linen

with me; and I believe this was the case with most of us. With what pleasure, therefore, we hailed the entrance into the river of Bilboa may be easily conceived; for had we been driven to sea in the situation in which we were, half of the wounded must have perished. Happily for us the weather was fine, and the sea smooth.

When we had reached within about three miles of the town, the tide failed us, so that we had the prospect of staying another night on board; but rather than remain a minute longer in the ship than we could help, as many of us as had the use of our legs went on shore, and walked up to the town. Among these were two officers who had lost their arms only a few days before! Being here joined by my baggage, and having obtained a tolerable billet, I found myself, with the exception of the assaults of the fleas, from which there is no escaping in Spain, comparatively comfortable.

The *Noblé villa de Bilboa,* as it is bombastically styled, is a pretty town, with clean, well-built streets, but possessing nothing remarkable that I recollect. The inhabitants were civil, but evinced none of that enthusiasm in the national cause that I had expected to find in a Spanish town. In fact, notwithstanding the oppression of the French, the towns-people appeared more attached to them than to us. This might have been accounted for, in some degree, by the detestation with which the Catholics in these bigotted countries are taught to look upon all heretics, whom they do not consider as Christians; but I believe a great deal of this feeling may be set down to the difference in the national characters. The French always make themselves at home wherever they go. They domesticate with the families where they are billeted. They flatter the old people: they dance and sing with the young. In fact, they do *l'aimable;* while John Bull keeps aloof from the family, and conducts himself with a degree of *hauteur* towards all. Hence the Frenchman, who lives upon his *patron,* and perhaps robs him to boot, is more regretted than the Englishman who pays for all.

Among the wounded at St. Sebastian, who accompa-

nied us to Bilboa, was a Lieutenant Reid, of the Engineers, a gallant and distinguished young officer. While standing on the crest of the glacis, encouraging the Cacadores to take advantage of the consternation caused among the enemy by the explosion of the mine, of which he had the superintendence, he received a grape-shot in the neck, which immediately laid him senseless. In this state he was carried to the rear; when the surgeon, having examined the wound, and applied to it a temporary dressing, desired that he should be conveyed to his quarters, kept perfectly quiet, and not allowed to move or to speak to a soul. Although he came to himself soon after receiving the wound, yet, under this treatment, the possession of his faculties only led to a sense of the danger of his situation. If he offered to stir, his servant was there to prevent it. If he spoke he received no answer but a finger up to the lips, accompanied by a mournful shake of the head. In short, he supposed he must be at the point of death. In this distressing situation he remained until towards night, when the surgeon came to dress his wound, and was forthwith proceeding to probe for the ball, when the man, who picked him up when he fell, happening to be in the room, exclaimed, "You may save yourself the trouble of looking for the ball: for when I pulled off his neckcloth it dropped down at my feet." The surgeon stopped; his countenance brightened; all was safe; and the patient was set at rest. Lieut. Reid recovered in time to be present at the second assault of St. Sebastian. This is, I believe, not the first time that a man's life has been saved by a silk handkerchief. In this case it not only prevented the ball from penetrating so far as it would otherwise have done, but it was the means of bringing it out without a surgical operation.

Before I had left Passages, as I have already stated, news had arrived of Marshal Soult's well planned attempt to relieve Pampluna, and of his having forced the pass of Maya. But by the time we reached Bilboa, I had the satisfaction to hear of his complete defeat. His plans were conducted with such secrecy, that he thought to sur-

prise Lord Wellington; but that is not possible; for, in case of a sudden irruption of the enemy, his Lordship's orders always are, that the divisions on the flank of the point assailed shall move to their rear; so that he can always concentrate his forces on a given point, before the enemy, who has to fight his way, can possibly reach the same spot. Such was the case at the battle of Pampluna, when, instead of meeting Soult with a small force in the heart of the Pyrenees, he received him, with four divisions of his army, in a strong position on the verge of the mountains, covering the fortress which it was Soult's object to relieve.

While I was here General Castanos paid a visit to Bilboa, and a bull-fight was got up in honour of him; for which purpose a spot in the centre of the place was railed in, and surrounded with booths. The scene has been so often described, that I shall not attempt a repetition of it, but content myself with saying, that in my opinion it is a wretched attempt at sport. The poor beasts that were brought into the arena to be goaded into a puny rage, were in little better condition than those I had been accustomed to see marching into our camp to supply our daily rations, and had, perhaps, been consigned to the task of amusing the Spanish ladies, from having been thought by the commissariat unequal to a journey through the Pyrenees. The Spanish Bolero dance, which concluded the exhibition, was the only part of the spectacle that gave me pleasure.

After I had been about a fortnight at Bilboa, some transports arrived from England, bringing reinforcements for our army. Among them was an officer whom I had known in England, when recovering from a severe wound received at the storming of Badajos. The first thing he said to me, after our mutual salutation, was, "My boy, I've known what it is to be in sick quarters without a dollar in my pocket; how are you off for the Spanish?" As my exchequer had not recovered from the blow which it had received in the Pyrenees, as I have already described, I had no hesitation in confessing my poverty; and he shared his purse with me.

Kind, generous soul! He was an honour to his profession, and would have done equal honour to the high title of which he was the presumptive heir; but he fell, a Captain in the 69th regiment, at the battle of Quatre Bras.

One day, when in company with some brother officers, the conversation turned upon horses. I boasted, and with some justice, of the beauty of mine, which was, or rather had been, a high-mettled barb, and which, while with the army, I had spared no pains nor money to keep in the highest condition. They expressed a desire to see him; so forthwith we adjourned to the stable, which, by the bye, I had not visited since my arrival at Bilboa, concluding, from the quantity of forage I was receiving as an engineer, that the horse must have been kept in prime order. "Now, my lads," said I, "I'll show you a horse." Domingo was summoned to bring forth the steed, when, behold! instead of my prancing, sleek, high-crested barb, there came limping out, amid the shouts and laughter of my companions, a raw-boned, ewe-necked Rosinante, as far removed in appearance from the proud animal that used to remind me of my Indian stud, as it is possible to conceive; while one of the mules which stood by him was as fat and as sleek as *he* was poor. It was well for Domingo that I had not strength to thrash him, or he would have got it to his heart's content; but I could only vent my rage in impotent reproaches. The villain had undoubtedly sold the forage, first taking care to keep sufficient to maintain in condition my best mule, for a purpose which will be seen hereafter.

On the 30th of August, being sufficiently recovered of my wound, I set off by land to resume my duties at the siege of St. Sebastian, hoping to be in time for the second assault; but in this I was disappointed; for on the road I heard the news of our dear-bought success. When I arrived, the breach was still covered with our killed; and part of the escarp of the river face of the horn-work, which the enemy had undermined, still lay over a heap of our poor fellows, whose arms and legs

protruded from under the masonry. Within the entrenchments behind, and on the flanks of the breach, lay heaps of the French; showing the courage with which they had defended the place, and displaying signal proofs of the effects of our artillery, which had been particularly well directed during the assault. It is a fact well known, that, having been repulsed from the head of the breach, our troops lay for an hour or two in a mass on its slope; where, covered from the fire of the enemy, except on their left flank, they remained; while our artillery kept up a destructive fire on the defenders; and it was not till one of their ammunition-tumbrils had been exploded by a shell from our batteries, that, availing themselves of the confusion thus created among the enemy, the foremost of the storming-party rushed in, and secured the victory.

At the time of my arrival the town was in a blaze; not owing, as the French have asserted, to any endeavours on our part to accomplish its destruction, but chiefly to the quantity of combustibles which they themselves had left scattered about. It continued burning for some days, at the end of which nothing was left of the greater part of the town but the shells of the houses. What became of the inhabitants I know not; but all I saw of them was a few of the lowest class prowling about among the skeletons of the houses, and groping among the still smoking ashes. It was alleged by the French that our troops had committed unwarranted cruelties and excesses after the storm; but I never could learn that there was any foundation for this assertion. As usual on such occasions, the town was plundered as a matter of course: though, I dare say, if the truth were known, the French had left us little to do in that way. Such is war, even among the most civilized people! O, my countrymen! may its horrors never be brought home to you! and, while you sit snugly by your firesides, grumble not, I beseech you, at your taxes, so long as they keep the enemy from your gates!

The town being in our possession, we set to work immediately to take the castle—an operation of compara-

tive ease, for it possessed no strength, either natural or artificial. Having opened a communication from our parallel into the ditch of the horn-work, and thence into the work itself, we commenced erecting batteries on its *terre-pleine*, in order to breach the wall of the castle. While employed in this work, I had under me a party of the German Legion, and I could not fail to remark how much better they worked than either our own men or the Portuguese. A siege does not suit the temper of a British army. It is a slow tactic which they do not like; and that spirit which achieves such wonders in the open field, when it finds itself checked by stone walls, either evaporates in disappointment, or wastes itself in delay.

On the 8th of September all our batteries opened on the castle and hill; and such was the effect of the vertical fire, that in a few hours the garrison hung out the white flag, and surrendered prisoners of war.

As soon as our troops had taken possession of the gate of the castle, I walked up. It was curious to observe the manner in which the French had burrowed themselves in the hills to avoid the effects of our fire. They had done their duty well; and, of course, marched out with the honours of war. Not but what these honours of war, as they are called, are all stuff. The only true honours of war are the having done your duty; and the commander who would surrender his post one minute sooner than he ought, in order to secure to himself and his troops this empty parade, would, in my opinion deserve to be shot. The old school used to set a great value on this nonsense; but I believe, in these days, few officers would take a pride in wearing their swords as prisoners, unless they had used those swords with honour.

Thus closed the siege of St. Sebastian, after costing us nearly 4,000 men in killed and wounded, besides an immense expenditure of ammunition and stores; and, what was not the least cost, causing the destruction of a fine town belonging to our allies: all of which, in my opinion, was unnecessary; for, after getting possession of the

convent of St. Bartolomeo, one brigade of our army would have been sufficient to keep the garrison in check; while, at this season of the year, a brig of war or two could have prevented the fortress from receiving any supplies by sea. But Lord Wellington calculated, I suppose, from the apparent weakness of the place, that he could have taken it with a small loss.

It has been often remarked that his Lordship has not been so successful in his sieges as in the other operations of war. This is true enough, for his Lordship's *forte* is in the *grande tactique*, and there is no out-manœuvring stone walls. Sieges come within the mechanical branch of the profession, at which a commander cannot be expected to be *au fait*, unless, like Napoleon, his education has been directed that way. That the engineer department of the army was, at this time, very defective, few can deny; but this was no fault of the officers of that corps, who are quite equal in ability to those in the same service in any other army, and whose zeal and gallantry is amply proved by the severe loss they sustained in all the sieges in which they were engaged. Indeed, their bravery was chivalric, and led them, I think unnecessarily, and contrary to the custom of other armies, to place themselves among the foremost of the forlorn hope at the assault of the breach. To such a degree did they carry their devotion in this respect, that the service suffered material injury by the practice; for no sooner had an officer obtained a little experience in his profession, than he was cut off. It was in the subordinate branch of the department that the inefficiency was experienced; and here it was indeed deplorable; for, besides that the men of the corps of artificers were but half-taught in the duties of a siege, there were not, at St. Sebastian, more than enough to supply a serjeant's party to each relief of the working parties, which small body, being entirely taken up in directing the operations of the other troops, could not be employed in the main duties of the siege in sufficient force to be of any use. All this, however, is now rectified by the admirable establishment under Colonel Pais-

ley at Chatham, where the young officers of engineers, with the sappers and miners, as they are now more properly called, are exercised in all the duties of their profession.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Author joins his Regiment.—His Portuguese Servant decamps with one of his Mules.—Execution of two Privates of the Regiment for Desertion.—Padre of the Regiment.—Attack of the Heights of Vera.—Anecdotes connected with it.—Appearance of the Enemy's Position on the Nivelle.—French and Spaniards on Picquet.—The Author promoted to a Company in a British Regiment.—Character of the Spaniards.

My duty as an engineer being concluded, I set off to join my regiment, which I found encamped on the same spot where I had left it. They had made themselves tolerably comfortable, by constructing huts of branches of trees. During my absence the division had remained inactive, except on two occasions; first, when they had to join in the pursuit of the French, on their retreat after the battle of the Pyrenees; and next, when Marshal Soult crossed the Bidassoa in the attempt to relieve St. Sebastian, during the last assault. On this occasion, the river having been swollen by a severe rain which fell after their passage, the enemy were compelled in their retreat to make for the bridge of Vera, where the 2d brigade of our division was posted. As the French were covered in this movement by their troops on the heights beyond the bridge, the brigade could not prevent their crossing, although they inflicted on them a severe loss. Had the remainder of our division been moved up in time, it might have been otherwise.

On the morning of the second day after my return, neither Domingo nor my best mule was to be found. The scoundrel had decamped during the night, doubtless with the intention of proceeding to St. Estevan, dig-

ging up the money of which it was now clear that he had robbed me, and making off to enjoy the fruits of his complicated villainy. I never heard any more of the rascal. In a few days my other mule, which he had starved and neglected like my horse, while he kept that which he intended for his own use in good condition, died of a sore back. I was in a pretty plight, and, had we moved at the time, I must have left all my baggage behind.

Shortly after this, I was compelled to witness a mournful ceremony,—the execution of two privates of the regiment for desertion. It was, I suppose, all very proper; but still it appeared hard upon these poor creatures, who only deserted to their own country, while many of the British, and whole troops of the Spaniards, were going over to the enemy. They did not die like heroes, it must be confessed. Their appearance, when led out for execution, was strongly contrasted with the indifference of the Padré of the regiment, who attended them in their last moments. This was a ruffian-looking fellow, whose chief occupation with the army was that of a mule-dealer, buying those animals in the country, and selling them in the camp at a great profit. I was told by our Colonel, that in the preceding campaign he was sitting one day at table with this Padré, when the *patron* of the house came to beg that Senhor Padré would go up stairs immediately, to render the last offices of religion to a dying Spanish officer. He looked sulky on being disturbed at his meal; but could not refuse. The Colonel followed; but, instead of a solemn ceremonial, as he expected, he saw the Padré take a crucifix out of his pocket, and thrust it into the face of the dying man, vociferating, at the same time, "Jesus! Jesus!" Receiving no signs of acknowledgment from the poor officer, whose glazed eye and quick respiration denoted his speedy dissolution, he pocketed his swammy, and descended to finish his beefsteak and his bottle.

It is proper that I should now inform the reader that, after the wound I received at St. Sebastian, I ceased to keep a journal of our operations; so that henceforth the description of our marches, and the affairs or battles in

which we were engaged, cannot be so minute as I should have wished.

On the 7th October Lord Wellington, having resolved to drive the enemy from the banks of the Bidassoa, crossed that river with the left wing of his army. At the same time our division was directed to attack the heights of Visa, and a Spanish corps, supported by the 4th division, the mountain of La Rhune and the heights adjacent. All the attacks on the left completely succeeded, and before night our troops were lodged in the territory of France. Our division advanced in two columns to execute the part allotted to us; and, after a few hours' fighting, succeeded in completely dislodging the enemy from the heights in our front, having taken from them about 400 prisoners, and a few mountain-guns. The left brigade was more warmly engaged than ours, having had to attack a redoubt which the enemy had thrown up on the top of the hill, and accordingly they suffered most. On our right, the Spaniards drove the enemy from the heights in their front, all but the high mountain of La Rhune, which they found too strong for them. In vain did Sir John Downie, who commanded one of their brigades, flourish the sword of Pizarro* before them, and set them a gallant example. It would not do. They never could gain a footing on the summit; and towards night the French sent a battalion round the side of the mountain, which, with a volley on the flank of the Spanish *tirallieurs*, producing a fine effect in the dark, closed the evening's amusements.

In the course of the day's operations I espied, at a short distance on our flank, a Spanish soldier standing in a menacing posture over a wounded Frenchman. I ran up to see what he was about, when I observed the Spaniard with his bayonet fixed, compelling the poor fellow, whose arm was hanging by a bit of flesh, to strip himself to the skin, without even having the humanity to assist him in the operation. The wounded man's

* This sword was said to have been presented to Sir John by a lady, a descendant of the conqueror of Peru.

groans and entreaties were of no avail upon the hardened wretch, who, on my remonstrating with him on his inhumanity, replied with the greatest coolness, and apparent surprise at my interference, "*Sta Francesca, Senhor!*" I drove the fellow away, of course; but no sooner had I turned my back, and got a little distance off, than, on looking round, I saw the monster returning to the charge. I went immediately in search of some of my men, and had the poor Frenchman conveyed out of the reach of his inhuman tormentor.

After our day's business had closed, an officer of the rifles, who was known to one of our officers, came on a visit to our lines. He had on a new pair of boots, not exactly of the London cut, towards which he seemed desirous of drawing our attention. When he had succeeded in this, he said, "Where do you think I got these boots?" "We can't guess," was the answer. "Well, I'll tell you how it was. You must know that I have been in want of a pair of boots for some time; so, in the course of the skirmish, seeing a French officer rather actively employed, who I thought might supply the deficiency in my wardrobe, I said to Corporal Murphy, "Corporal Murphy," says I, "see if you can't pick me off that French officer who's so forward among the skirmishers." After some manœuvring the corporal succeeded in bringing down his man, when I immediately ran up, put my foot on his body, pulled off the boots, and here they are; a nice pair, ar'n't they!" Shocked at such a disgusting narrative, which, by the bye, was, I believe, half of it a lie, we exclaimed immediately, "The less you say of that the better, my friend;" but he would not take our advice, and went about the camp boasting of his exploit; which coming to the ears of the Brigadier, in less than forty-eight hours Mr. Boots was on his way to England, no longer to disgrace the honourable corps to which he had belonged.

On the following day the Spaniards attacked the Mountain of La Rhune on its eastern side, where they made a lodgment. They also took possession of two redoubts which the French abandoned near the village

of Sarre; but they did not renew the attack of the Hermitage, which is on the highest verge of the mountain. This latter, however, the enemy abandoned the same night, still keeping possession of a hill at no great distance underneath, called Petite La Rhune, which, as it nearly touched their position, in front of the Nivelle, (which Lord Wellington did not think proper to attack at that time,) they were allowed to retain. They also returned a night or two afterwards, and retook from the Spaniards one of the redoubts in the valley of Sarre, which they were also allowed to keep.

On the heights of Vera we found a good many huts, which the French, who carry few or no tents, had erected for their accommodation. Of these we immediately took possession, and began to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Being now on the extreme verge of the Pyrenees, we had a good view into France, and of the French position along the Nivelle, which they were strengthening as much as possible, by the erection of redoubts and entrenchments, particularly on their right, next the sea. We all wondered that Lord Wellington did not attack this position at once, instead of giving the enemy time to complete their works; but doubtless he had good reasons for the delay. One was, I believe, that he thought it better to allow them to waste their time and labour on a bad position, than, by driving them out of it before it was convenient for him to follow up the blow, to compel them to employ themselves in a way which might interfere with his ulterior movements.

For a short time after we obtained possession of the heights of Vera, the Spaniards occupied the top of the Mountain of La Rhune; but latterly this duty fell to our brigade, which supplied it with a detachment of two or three companies by rotation. Before our arrival, the Spaniards and French used to form a line on each side of a ravine which separated their posts, and stand blackguarding each other by the hour together; but, as soon as we took the duty they were as civil as possible. The situation of our picquet on this hill was by no means a

pleasant one. The summit was nothing but a bare swamp, without a dry spot to rest on, except the remains of a low building of rough stones, called the Hermitage. The hill was mostly enveloped in clouds till about mid-day; and the weather had set in so cold, that in the morning the ground was generally covered with sleet or snow, while, having to carry our fuel up with us, we could not afford to make very large fires.

About this time, I received accounts of my being gazetted to a company in one of the regiments of the fourth division; whether upon the recommendation of Lord Wellington, or in consequence of my memorial to the Duke of York, backed by Sir Samuel Auchmuty, who had just returned to England, and other interests, I never could exactly learn. Although only a Captain in the Portuguese, I did not remove to my new regiment, as I expected that Marshal Beresford would then promote me to a Majority. Besides, I felt so comfortable where I was that I was loath to move. The Colonel of my regiment was a most excellent, gentlemanly man, of whose kindness I shall always feel a grateful recollection, and we, the English officers, three or four in number, lived happily together. We had a little mess among ourselves; for the habits of the Portuguese are so very different from ours, that there is no associating with them, more particularly at meals.

The head-quarters of our army remained at Lesaca, within the Spanish frontier; but, as our division had now bidden adieu to that country, it is but right that I should say something of the people; that is, as far as a rapid march, during which I had but little intercourse with any but the lower classes, will allow me. I found them a frank, good-humoured, cheerful, but rather *mouthy* people. By the latter phrase I mean that their acts do not keep pace with their words. They are, as well as I could observe, far from being of a jealous or revengeful disposition, as we are taught to consider them; nor are they by any means of a grave demeanour. What the character of the higher classes may be I know not; but their appearance is that of a dingy Frenchman.

The population of Spain is thin, and the soil mostly rich; therefore the inhabitants live in the midst of plenty; and, not having had occasion to resort to their poorer soils for the supply of grain, they have no need to work hard for their subsistence; they have consequently plenty of time for their amusement. Towards evening games of different kinds are constantly going on in the villages, most of which possess a fives-court; while throwing the bar is the never-failing competition among the young and strong. How unlike to poor John Bull of these times, who, after an excessive day's labour, has no strength left for active games; and who, as he passes the ale-house, is tempted, by the sight of a comfortable fire, which he cannot get at home, to spend part of his hard-earned wages in the enjoyment of the only pleasure of which his exhausted frame is capable. Indeed, an Englishman is the hardest-worked wretch I have ever met with in my travels. This may be, in some degree, owing to the excess of his wants above those of most other people; but, I believe, the main cause is, that we have resorted to the cultivation of our worst soils, whereby rents are raised, and the working classes compelled to give more of their labour in return for their food, than the people are in those countries where, from a more moderate population, they are not reduced to the same extremity, or where, from a better policy, they have not confined themselves to the produce of their own soil.

From the lofty situation which we occupied, overlooking the enemy's position along the Nivelle, I found considerable amusement in my telescope, which I always carried slung across my shoulder. This is an instrument which no officer on service should be without. He will find it of infinitely more use to him than his sword. Besides the amusement which it constantly affords, it enables him, when at the outposts, to ascertain the movements of the enemy at a distance; and thus, may not only be of great use to him in the conduct of his own detachment but be the means of his

conveying important information to the General; while it is sure to prevent those unnecessary alarms which must often be occasioned by mistaking the movements of the enemy in the front.

CHAPTER XIX.

Description of the Enemy's position on the Nivelle.—Battle.—The Army arrives near Bayonne.—Basque Country.—Mode of Life.—System of Outposts.—Masters of Transports visit our Outposts.—Affair with the Enemy.—Anecdotes connected with it.—Position taken up by the Light Division.

On the 10th of November was fought the battle of the Nivelle. The French occupied a position about twelve miles in length, with its right resting on the sea, in front of the Nivelle, its centre at the hill of Petite la Rhune, and its left extending across the Nivelle to the heights behind Anhoue. The ground along this line was generally strong, and the enemy had been at great pains to strengthen it artificially; but still, taking it on the whole, the position was weak; because, being very extended, and each part not being sufficiently strong in itself to resist the attack of a very superior force, the capture of any one part became a measure of no great difficulty, and, when accomplished, necessarily affected the security of the whole. In fact an extended position should never be taken up for defence, unless, as in Lord Wellington's lines at Torres Vedras, each part is capable of resisting an army.

This error in the French position Lord Wellington doubtless perceived; and accordingly he directed the greater part of his force on the enemy's centre and left, while he employed only two divisions of his army in a demonstration on their right, where the position, though

not naturally quite so strong as on their left, had been rendered more formidable by art.

The battle began about day-light by a salvo from the artillery of the 4th division on the French redoubt in the valley of Sarre, which being followed by the immediate advance of the division, the work was carried in style.

This discharge of artillery was also the signal for the advance of our division to attack the hill of Petite la Rhune, which we carried in a short time with no very great loss, although the enemy had fortified it with redoubts and entrenchments composed of loose stones, the rocky nature of the ground not having admitted of their digging ditches.

Here we halted for some time, while the 4th division and a Spanish corps were engaged in driving the enemy from the village of Sarre. This being effected we moved forward to join in the attack of the enemy's position, of which the hill of Petite la Rhune was only an excrescence.

On the slope of the heights in our front the French had thrown up many small breast-works to cover their *tirailleurs*, and to which they successively retired as we advanced, causing, of course, some loss to our troops, who had no means of sheltering themselves. On the table-land forming the summit of the heights we found a chain of redoubts, which, had the enemy been disposed to defend them with obstinacy, would have occasioned us some trouble. But it was evident by this time that Lord Wellington's movements on their left had shaken their confidence in their position; for, no sooner had we formed on the heights, than we saw them making dispositions for a retreat, which, however, was not effected without leaving a whole battalion in one of the redoubts, which surrendered after a little parley.

In the mean time, the divisions on our right had succeeded in carrying all before them, only with different degrees of opposition on the part of the enemy; and towards evening the whole of the left and centre of the French were in full retreat. We pursued the enemy

for some distance, but not so as to inflict on them any further loss of consequence.

In the course of the night the enemy, as might be expected, withdrew their right wing, and abandoned all the works which they had been at such labour and pains to construct. Our loss in killed and wounded amounted to about 2,000 men.

At night our division was again under arms, and moved in the direction of Bayonne. On this occasion, my company being immediately behind the rifles of our brigade, I was much amused with the observations of the men on entering France. One said he had learnt as much of the language as was necessary to carry him through the country. "Now," added he, "the first thing I says when I goes into a house, is *Ounde sta l'argent?* and when I gets the *l'argent*, that is, the money, then I says, *Ounde sta le vin?* and, last of all, I says, *Ounde sta le pain?* and that's all I wants to know of their outlandish lingo." The confusion of languages here displayed, worthy of the artificers of Babel, was not the least amusing part of the colloquy, while the unexpected sagacity of the Englishman in getting possession of the *argent* before he asked for the *vin*, showed the military linguist to be very appropriately attached to the *rifles*.

The next day we followed the enemy to within a few miles of Bayonne, where they had formed an entrenched camp. This however, they did not enter, as we showed no disposition to push them hard, but took up a position a mile or two south of it. Having posted our picquets as close to them as possible, we cantoned ourselves in the villages and farm-houses, which were pretty thickly scattered about the country; and the head-quarters were established at St Jean de Lux.

Before we quitted the mountains the weather had begun to set in rather cold, and, as we felt that our huts were not exactly suited for winter-quarters, we were glad to get under the shelter of a house, however mean. The Basque country is certainly not of a very inviting aspect, and did not promise any great comfort during

the approaching winter. The greater part is covered with swamps, or woods, and the cross-roads are so execrable, that after a little rain it is scarcely possible to move on them; so that in many places, during most part of the winter, the only communication between the villages and farm-houses is by stepping-stones, or raised footpaths, to keep you clear of the water and mud. To march, therefore, in any kind of regular order in such a country was impracticable. As we were wading along one day, to the great annoyance and fatigue of the soldiers, one fellow happening to remark that the bottom was hard, "That may be," replied his comrade, "but it is a long way to it." As we approached Bayonne the ground became firmer and less woody.

Such a country, as it may be supposed, could not yield any supplies of consequence to our army, even if the French had not been beforehand with us. What remained was soon exhausted, and the same cows that began by giving us milk, soon ended by supplying us with soup. The dry forage had all been taken by the French; and what little grass there was being soon devoured, we were at last obliged to put up with chopped gorse for our cattle; which, however, with the addition of a little corn, served to keep the horses in tolerable condition.

Our life, however, was not so monotonous as that led in winter-quarters generally, for we had a strong line of picquets to keep up, which brought us frequently on duty in a way which I did not at all dislike, although others used to complain of it. It was some occupation for mind and body, and no great hardship, for we had generally a house wherein to lodge the main body of our picquet. In front of the main picquet there are always posted small parties commanded by serjeants or corporals, which must necessarily be on the alert. When the Portuguese were on this duty we could never allow them to take off their packs. If they did they were sure to be fast asleep in a moment. The system of our outposts was excellent, and if ever a young officer had an opportunity of learning his duty, it was on this occasion. There was no nonsense nor fuss of any kind; no parole

nor countersign; no grand rounds nor petty rounds: but every thing was left to the discretion of the commanding officer, who would, of course, for his own sake, visit his parties and sentries frequently during the night. By an order from head-quarters the old system of challenging was altered, and the sentry was directed, first, to command the party approaching his post to halt, and, when that was obeyed, to proceed in the usual form. This effectually prevented the sentry from being surprised; for, if the party approaching were a friend, he would, of course, immediately obey the order; and if a foe, hostilely disposed, he would continue to advance, and the sentry would have time to give the alarm.

Our posts being now close up to those of the enemy, the troops in cantonment were not harassed by that most abominable of all duties, being under arms every morning an hour before day-break, which precaution, as I have before mentioned, it is necessary to take when at a short distance from an enemy, whose movements you cannot readily ascertain. All ordinary signals by bugle or drum, were discontinued for the time. The parade of each battalion and brigade was marked out at some spot in the rear of our quarters, which, under any circumstances, we might be sure to reach before the enemy could drive in our picquets.

In the intervals of duty such as had fowling pieces endeavoured to amuse themselves in the woods, and the staff of our brigade kept a few fox-hounds, with which we used occasionally to hunt the covers, but with no great success; for certainly the country was not what a Meltonian could call *tip-top*. In following our fox we would sometimes get close to the French picquets, who, instead of molesting us, would turn out and enjoy the sport.

As soon as we had exhausted all the provisions in the country, the inhabitants, who had of course pocketed some money for their articles, instead of remaining inactive, and starving, as they must have then done, assumed the office of carriers to the army. So, leaving an old woman in charge of the children, the rest of the family, male and female, would start off into Spain by whole

troops, and return with various articles of consumption, carrying on, by these means, a trade lucrative to themselves and advantageous to us.

The port of St. Jean de Luz being now open to us, supplies of various kinds arrived from England, as well for the commissariat, as for private consumption; those officers, therefore, who had a little money to spare, could live tolerably well, with the exception of fresh meat, which, as it could be received only through the commissariat, was of the worst description.

The skippers of the transports lying at St. Jean de Luz used occasionally to visit our out-posts from curiosity. The first question they would ask of course was, "Where is the enemy?" "Can we see them from this?" "Oh to be sure," we replied; "there they are, close by;" pointing at the same time to the French sentries only about a hundred yards off. "You don't mean to say, Sir, that them there are the French," said a rough tar, giving his quid an extra twist, and starting back a yard or two at the same time; for a sailor has no notion of an enemy being within gun-shot of him without coming to blows. Nor did they appear altogether at their ease during the remainder of the visit, often casting an anxious eye in the direction of the foe, surprised to find that we did not molest them.

Some time in the month of November it became necessary to make some correction in the position of our out-posts; a slight movement was therefore made in advance by our division, which had the effect of putting the French on the alert, and they were all under arms in expectation of a general attack. In the execution of this movement part of the 43d regiment pushed on too far, and got entangled in the enemy's position, which compelled our division to press the French rather more than was originally intended, in hopes of rescuing the party, who maintained themselves behind a small bank, from which they could not escape without running the gauntlet of part of the enemy's line. Perceiving, however, that we could not succeed in saving them without bringing on something serious, an officer and twenty

men were abandoned to their fate, and made prisoners.

Previously to this affair, the field officer commanding our picquet, sent to the French posts in front, to beg that they would draw in their sentries, as we were going to advance—a piece of courtesy usual with us on such occasions, as it prevented the unnecessary effusion of blood, the persons of sentries being generally held sacred in civilized warfare. This was immediately done; but no sooner had the ruffian of an officer collected his men, than he formed them in our front, and fired a volley at our picquet—a pretty return for our politeness and humanity. I was told, with what truth I know not, that a serjeant of the rifles, having marked the fellow well, succeeded in picking him off in the course of the skirmish.

On the same day when the affair was concluded, I was on picquet with my company, and while posting my sentries, I ascended a height near the French posts, which I suppose they were rather jealous of; for a French sentry immediately called out, "*Retirez vous, Monsieur l'Officier la;*" which warning not being obeyed quite so soon as he wished, he repeated; when instantly a gruff stentorian voice on the flank called out, "*Sacre nom de Dieu, faites feu donc!*" whereupon the sentry fired, and I made my bow and retired. How much the sentinel surpassed his superior in politeness the reader need not be told.

Our division at first was cantoned in the low country about Arrauntz; but latterly we moved nearer to Bayonne, and occupied the village of Bassussary, in front of the church and *chateau* of Arcangues, which latter buildings were situated on a slight eminence, extending nearly from the river Nive to the posts of the first division on the left. This line we put into a state of defence, as a position to take up in case of being attacked by the enemy. Besides throwing up a redoubt or two, we loopholed the church, and turned it into a little fortress, while the *chateau* also underwent the process of military transformation—a species of metamorphose wherein little regard is paid to internal or external ornament.

What would an English nobleman or squire say on seeing his paternal mansion, of which he is so justly proud, turned into a barrack, his walls loopholed from top to bottom, his doors and windows barricaded, his gardens converted into intrenchments, and his noble avenues cut down to form abattis or stockades? Yet all this is done every day in war without the least compunction.

CHAPTER XX.

Lord Wellington censured for not pushing on after the Battle of Vittoria.—The Author's opinion thereon.—Position of Bayonne. Sir Rowland Hill crosses the Nive.—Affairs of the 10th, 11th, and 12th December.—Opinion of the Portuguese Soldiers respecting their own Officers.—Desertion of the Nassau Brigade.—Battle of the Nive.—Hardships undergone by the Army.—Characteristics of Lord Wellington.—Wretched rations of Meat.—Anecdote.—Duke d'Augouleme.—Intercourse between the British and French Soldiers.—Part of the French Army withdrawn from Bayonne.—Part of our Army moves to the right.—Anecdote of a French Deserter.

Lord Wellington has been blamed, particularly by the French, and with some appearance of justice, for not pushing on for Bayonne with the main body of his army after the battle of Vittoria. Had there been a good prospect of his taking the place by a *coup de main*, I should say he ought to have done so; but that he could not possibly expect, for General Foy was on the high-road before him, with a sufficient force to garrison the town. I think, however, that though Lord Wellington had little chance of getting possession of Bayonne by this step, yet, as he must necessarily have reached that fortress much sooner than the French army, which had retired by Pampluna, he would have been certain of cutting them off from the high-road by the pass of Maya, and

perhaps, by crossing the Nive, have prevented their entering Bayonne by the road of St. Jean-pied-de-Port; which measure would have compelled them either to abandon the fortress to its fate, or to make a considerable detour to reach it: while, at all events, he would, by pushing his posts close up to the town, have prevented the enemy from throwing up those formidable works in our front, which were afterwards occupied by Soult's army. But it is almost presumptuous to give an opinion, when one cannot be in possession of the whole of the facts and circumstances which directed his Lordship's movements. Napoleon, whose work was one of personal aggrandizement, and who, in case of failure, was responsible to himself only, might have played a different game; for to obtain great results you must sometimes incur great risks; but Lord Wellington, who had the fate of one nation, and the interests of another, entrusted to his care, had to act the part of a General, and not that of a conqueror.

As a frontier fortress nothing can surpass the position of Bayonne. Situated at the conflux of two rivers, no invading army can attempt to pass it to the eastward without abandoning its communications, or leaving a force of at least three times the strength of the garrison to blockade it; because, as the blockading force must necessarily be divided into three parts by the rivers Adour and Nive, and spread over a large circumference, the garrison have it in their power to bring their whole force to bear on any one part, without risk of being cut off. But when occupied, as the place was, by a whole army, it was impossible to penetrate into France.

Lord Wellington, therefore, determined to take some steps to compel Marshal Soult to withdraw his army; and this he calculated on effecting by crossing the Nive, and placing the right of his army on the Adour, thereby cutting off the supplies of the French army by that river. In furtherance of this object, on the 9th of December he crossed the Nive with the 2d and 6th divisions, without meeting with much opposition from the enemy, and the same evening established the second division under Sir

Rowland Hill in a strong position fronting the town of Bayonne, with its right resting on the Adour, and its left on the Nive; the 6th division being left at the pontoon bridge which he had thrown over the latter river. On the same day Sir John Hope, who had assumed the command of the left of the army previously to the battle of the Nivelle, pushed forward a reconnoissance nearly up to the enemy's entrenched camp, in which service our division co-operated.

On the morning of the 10th the French drove in the picquets of our division, and, coming on in force, it was thought proper to retire to our position at Arcangues, which we did in good order, followed by the columns of the enemy. They were preceded by a cloud of *tirailleurs*, who threw themselves into the valley fronting our line; and already had the head of one of their columns begun to debouch from among the trees on the opposite height, to the usual music of *rum ti*, *tum*, *tum tum*, denoting the advance to the charge, when the 43d opened a fire upon it from the church-yard. *Rum ti tum* ceased immediately; the column halted, and in its place some guns made their appearance, and opened on the church. These were soon silenced by the fire of the 43d, although at a distance of 3 or 400 yards—a sure proof of the goodness of our powder, notwithstanding the opinion entertained by our soldiers, who always suppose that the enemy's powder is stronger than their own. This is a very natural conclusion, as they feel the effects of the one but not of the other.

The enemy, seeing, I suppose, that we were too well prepared for them, did not offer to molest us any more, but now turned their force in the direction of Sir John Hope's posts, where they were warmly engaged during the day with the 5th division and a Portuguese brigade. The 9th regiment distinguished itself on this occasion. Having by some accident got separated from the rest of the brigade, and surrounded by the enemy, an officer belonging to the latter came up to the Colonel to demand the surrender of his regiment. The answer returned to the French officer was, that he had made a

slight mistake, and that he himself was a prisoner. The battalion immediately faced about, charged to the rear, and not only extricated itself from the predicament in which it was, but made some hundreds of prisoners.

In the course of the evening, the 4th division came up to our support. During the fighting on our left, the enemy employed themselves in throwing up some field-batteries in our front, which caused us to suppose that we should be attacked the next morning; and in this expectation we were all under arms an hour or two before daybreak. The preceding night the colonel of our regiment had, in consequence of an accident which rendered it imprudent for him to sleep in the open air, retired to rest at a farm-house a mile or two in the rear, and not having come up till a short time after we were formed in expectation of the attack, I heard the men say among themselves, "Where is the Colonel? Why does he not come up? If we should go into action without him, the regiment will be disgraced under the old Major." This latter was a Portuguese. This single fact proved their confidence in the British officers, and explained in one word the secret of their good conduct while in conjunction with our army.

The enemy did not attack us as we expected, but towards evening again turned their efforts against Sir John Hope, who, with the 5th division and German Legion, maintained his ground on the plateau. There was some severe fighting during the day, particularly near the mayor's house at Biaritz; and towards night the French again retreated to their camp; in doing which a regiment of Nassau troops escaped from the French army, and marched over to us. This was effected in rather a clever manner. It happened during the action, that the commander of the brigade to which this regiment was attached, was put *hors de combat*, and in consequence the command devolved upon the Colonel of the Nassau regiment, who, having his object in view, in the course of the retreat, which took place in the dusk of the evening, ordered the French regiment brigaded with him to pass on one side of a wood while he took the other

Having thus interposed the wood between him and the French, he halted his regiment, and having formed them into a column, explained to them that their country had been relieved from French dominion, by the insurrection which had taken place in Holland, and that this was a good time to follow the example of their countrymen. The proposal was received with approbation; and immediate steps being taken to communicate with our nearest posts, soon after dark they marched over to the lines of the 4th division, which lay on our left. They were a fine body of men, about 1,200 strong.

The next morning, the 12th, the enemy renewed the attack on Sir John Hope. The brigade of guards was on this occasion brought forward to bear the brunt of the action, during which their light companies received a dreadful mauling from the French *voltigeurs*. The great John Bulls had no notion of screening themselves from the fire of their more cautious adversaries, and suffered accordingly. This day's work terminated as before, in the retreat of the French.

On this night, being on picquet with my company, one of the sentries reported that the enemy's watch-fires were going out. I accordingly patroled a short distance to the front, and found that the French had withdrawn their picquets from the ground they before occupied. This circumstance I immediately reported to the field officer of the day, who directed me to patrole to the front, till I reached the enemy's posts. This I did, and advanced a mile or two before I came up to their advanced parties. On returning we missed our way, and came back on a picquet of the 43d regiment; when I had reason to admire the steadiness and soldier-like manner with which one of their advanced sentries received us; although coming on his post in the direction we did, he had every reason to suppose us to be an enemy's party.

Our conjectures regarding this movement of the enemy's posts were not idle, and most of us supposed that the French had withdrawn into Bayonne, with the intention of attacking Sir Rowland Hill the next morning.

Information was immediately sent off to head-quarters, and in the morning early Lord Wellington came up. Previously to his arrival, however, the report of some guns on the opposite side of the Nive confirmed our suppositions. Lord Wellington having looked through his telescope for a short time, and made a few inquiries, exclaimed, "Off to attack, Hill, by G—!" He immediately ordered the 4th division, and part of the 3d, to the bridge on the Nive, and galloped off to join Sir Rowland.

I need not say how gloriously Sir Rowland Hill thrashed the French on this day, nor how well he and his brave division merited the eulogium of Lord Wellington, who, coming up just as the enemy was retreating in confusion from the last attack, is reported to have said, "Hill, the day is all your own!"

This attack, though it failed, fully proves what I before remarked regarding the situation of Bayonne; for Soult was enabled, after amusing us for some days on the left, to bring the whole of his force to bear on our right wing. The manœuvre, though an obvious one, deserves credit for the way in which it was executed, and merited a more successful termination. Indeed, nothing but the strength of Sir Rowland Hill's position, and the valour of his troops, could have prevented the French from making a serious impression at this point, although the consequences would not probably have been very disastrous, as Lord Wellington had, in expectation of such an attack, placed the 6th division at the bridge over the Nive, in a situation to support Sir Rowland, and had besides, on the morning of the attack, put other troops in motion for that purpose.

The whole of these five days' operations, during which the army was exposed to the weather, in the midst of a severe winter, was, of course, very distressing to the troops. For one or two nights it rained hard, and we had nothing but our cloaks and blankets to cover us. On these occasions we used to make large fires, round which we lay in a circle, with our feet to the flame, one person keeping watch to feed the fire, and to prevent

our toes from being burnt. Here we felt the full value of brandy and tobacco, articles as necessary to a winter's campaign as powder and ball.

I was not a little surprised to find that I, a poor worn-out, half-livered Indian, bore the laying out in the cold and wet better than most of your fresh-looking fellows who had never been out of England before. Now was the time to envy the comforts of the staff, who are seldom or never doomed to sleep in a bivouac. Though they may have a little hard riding during the day, they are pretty sure to have a good dinner, and tolerable quarters for the night. They get the first and best of every thing: in short, they enjoy the sweets (if such there be) of the campaign. As to the General, no one can grudge him his comforts; for it is enough for him to have his mind harassed as it is, without his body having to undergo the hardships of war. My old commander, Sir Samuel Auchmuty, used to say, that Job wanted one more trial of his patience, and that was the command of an army. Not that this kind of responsibility affected Lord Wellington much. If any thing went wrong he vented his spleen at once, and, it must be confessed, in no very measured terms; but, as far as regarded himself, there was an end of it. He had, what I have rarely seen in any one, the power of dismissing a subject from his mind whenever he chose; so that, in the most difficult situations, he could converse on familiar topics; or, while ordinary minds were fretted to death, he could lie down and sleep soundly under the most trying circumstances. A cavalry officer related to me, that he was sent express one night to Lord Wellington from a distant part of the army, with information of a sudden movement of the enemy, which all supposed to be of great consequence. His Lordship received him in bed, heard the communication, asked a few questions, and, with the laconic observation of "All's right!" fell back on his pillow, and resumed his repose; leaving the officer, who, big with the important intelligence of which he was the bearer, had nearly killed his horse in his haste, quietly to retrace his steps, and to

convey to the General who had sent him, this very satisfactory answer to his message.

In these four days' affairs our army lost about 5,000 men in killed, wounded, and missing. The French loss must have been very severe. In the action with Sir Rowland Hill alone they confessed to have lost about 8,000 men.

The enemy, having been now beaten to their heart's content, no longer attempted to molest us. Our posts were pushed on to within a mile or so of Bayonne, and our regiment went into quarters at a large *chateau* belonging to a Monsieur Garat, one of the regicides, whose house we did not leave in a better state than we found it. Here we were more comfortably lodged than we had been; but take it altogether, I suppose few armies ever had worse quarters than we occupied during this severe winter; while, from the constant changes of position, and the uncertainty we were in with regard to our movements, we were prevented from taking any steps to render ourselves comfortable.

Our rations of meat, which were entirely of beef, had now become worse than ever. Indeed, that was no wonder, for the beasts had to march through the Pyrenees, in the middle of the winter, before they could reach us. Numbers, of course, died on the road, and the few that dragged their miserable carcases as far as the army, required but little assistance from the butcher in dispatching them; nor was it possible to procure any other meat for love or money, except occasionally a ham or a dried tongue from St. Jean de Luz. A facetious friend of mine used to say, that he had eaten so much beef for the last six months that he was ashamed to look a bullock in the face. The head-quarters, and first division, stationed at St. Jean de Luz, were better off, as cattle were landed there from England for their supply. Of this I certainly sometimes took the benefit, by availing myself of Lord Wellington's hospitality; and, in so doing, I frequently met the Duke d'Angouleme, who had latterly joined the head-quarters of his Lordship, that he might be at hand to take advantage of the

first opportunity that offered to hoist the standard of the Lily.

Ever since Marshal Soult had taken command of the French army, handbills had found their way into our camp, offering every inducement to our soldiers to desert to the enemy. A comfortable house, and permission and encouragement to prosecute any trade to which they might have been brought up, were promised to them; and, it must be allowed, that many of our men did avail themselves of the offer. In conseqence of this, in particular, the officers at the outposts were directed to be very careful in preventing any communication between our soldiers and those of the enemy. Still all our vigilance could not hinder it. If there were a coppice or covert of any kind lying between the adverse piequets, the soldiers on either side would sneak down to it for the purpose of conversation, or to carry on a little commerce in brandy and tobacco on the one side, and hard dollars on the other. The general medium of communication on such occasions was the Spanish language, of which the old soldiers of both armies spoke a little. One night, when as usual, the sentries of the two armies were pushed pretty near to each other, an English and a French soldier, on either side of a small brook, entered into conversation. Among other topics the Englishman inquired how tobacco was selling in the French lines. The answer being such as to excite a lively desire to possess some of the care-drowning herb, he asked the Frenchman if he could not procure him some, to which the latter assented. The difficulty was, how they were to meet after the tobacco was obtained. To cut the matter short, the Englishman proposed that the other should set off instantly to purchase the article. "How can I leave my post?" says the Frenchman. "Oh! I'll take care of that for you," says John. After a little demur the Frenchman agreed to this; but first demanded the money wherewith to buy the tobacco. But here Bull, who, to his shame, did not display the same confidence in the Frenchman's honour in trusting him with his money, as tho latter had done in confiding to

him his post, refused to part with the cash without receiving something in pledge. At length the Frenchman consented to leave his arms and accoutrements in pawn, and forthwith set off to execute his commission. As fate would have it, however, the poor fellow during his absence was caught by his serjeant, and confined. In the morning a French officer appeared in front of the English picquet, and desired to speak with the commanding officer, to whom he related, that they had the night before taken up one of their soldiers absent from his post, who, in extenuation of his offence, told an extraordinary story, the truth of which they wished to ascertain. The pay-serjeant was called, and the circumstance explained to him. "If there be," said he, "a man in the company who could do such a thing, it is such a one," naming him. The man, being called, confirmed the Frenchman's account, and proceeded to show where he had deposited the arms and accoutrements, which were of course restored, as well as the dollar for which they had been the pledge.

The establishment of Sir Rowland Hill's corps on the Adour had now begun to produce the effect anticipated by Lord Wellington, in compelling Soult to withdraw a part of his army from Bayonne; and before the year was concluded several divisions of the French army had ascended the right bank of the Adour; and in consequence the 3d, 4th, and 7th, and Portuguese divisions of our army, were moved to the right, to counteract any manœuvres which the French might attempt in that quarter. Sir Rowland Hill, I believe, also moved at the same time, and the 6th division took his place before Bayonne.

About this time the desertions from the enemy's ranks became very frequent, caused, no doubt, chiefly by the general decline of the Empire of Napoleon. These deserters were seldom native Frenchmen, but mostly Italians, Piedmontese, or Dutch. On one occasion, when on picquet, a French soldier was brought to me, who, they said, had given himself up to one of the advanced sentries. The man appeared to think himself a prisoner.

and expressed great indignation at its being supposed that he was a deserter. He said that he had walked up to one of my sentries with his snuff-box in his hand, to offer a *camarade* a pinch, out of *pure politesse*, and that the man had, in the most unceremonious manner, made him a prisoner; adding, at the same time, in the true Gascon style, that if he had had his arms it was not two such fellows that should have taken him. I replied that I should be sorry to take advantage of his politeness, and that I would mention the circumstance to the field-officer of the day, who would no doubt set him at liberty. "Why, now I am here," replied he, "I think I had better stay; for if I go back I shall only get punished for being absent." The truth was, that the fellow wanted to desert, but wished, at the same time, to escape the odium attached to the act.

CHAPTER XXI.

Various Affairs with the French Army.—Light Division breaks up from the Blockade of Bayonne.—Cross the Gave d'Oleron.—Troops suffer from the hard Frost.—Cross the Gave de Pau.—Anecdote previously to the Battle of Orthes.—French Position. Battle of Orthes.—Coolness of Lord Wellington.—Continue the Pursuit of the Enemy.—Anecdote of a Party of the 88th Regiment.—Cross the Adour.—Arrive at Mont de Marsan.—French Towns embellished by Buonaparte.—His policy in so doing.—Halt on the Adour.—Description of the Country.—The Army well supplied.—French overpaid for their Supplies.—Anecdote of a French *Proprietaire.*—Affair of Sir Rowland Hill with the Enemy at Aire.—Conduct of the Portuguese on that occasion.—Remarks on the Portuguese Troops.—Gallant conduct of General Barnes.

From the beginning of the year there had been various encounters between the right wing of our army and the French, who, since part of their force had been com-

pelled to quite Bayonne, had been manœuvring no our right. These affairs all ended to the disadvantage of the enemy; and on the 18th of February Lord Wellington succeeded in establishing Sir Rowland Hill's corps, and that commanded by Marshal Beresford, consisting of the 3d, 4th, and 7th divisions, on the Gave d'Oleron.

The cavalry of our army, which, with the exception of a few light corps, had been cantoned in Spain during the winter, now came up and joined the army; and on the 21st of February our division broke up from before Bayonne, and marched to combine in the general movement of the army about to take place. Proceeding through La Bastide and St. Palais, where we crossed the Gave de Bidouze, on the 24th we passed the Gaves de Mauleon and d'Oleron, the latter by a ford near Villenave. We found the river so deep and rapid that the men could hardly keep their legs. On reaching the opposite bank we turned to our left, in the direction of Sauveterre, and marched till dark, when we bivouacked for the night. Having come to our ground so late, we had no time to dry our clothes, which had been wetted in fording the river; and, as it froze hard during the night, in the morning they were as hard as boards. Our object in moving down the river was to combine in an attack on the enemy posted near Sauveterre; but they saved us the trouble by decamping during the night.

On the 26th we arrived at the Gave de Pau opposite to the town of Orthes. The enemy had destroyed the bridge leading into the town, so that we could not proceed further in that direction.

The ground being highest on our bank of the river. we had a good view of the enemy, who were concentrating their force as fast as possible in the vicinity of the town. Our horse-artillery amused themselves with cannonading them a little, while Lord Wellington was observing their movements.

Towards evening our division moved up the river to join Sir Rowland Hill's corps; but we had not proceeded above a few miles, when we received orders to coun-

termarch; so, after marching till some time after dark, we bivouacked near the banks of the river, a few miles below the town of Orthes.

Early on the morning of the 27th of February we crossed the river by a pontoon bridge, and moved in the direction of the enemy, who had taken up a position to the northward of the town of Orthes. Here we joined the 3d, 4th, 6th, and 7th divisions of our army.

While we were halted in column, previously to the dispositions for the attack, the commandant of cavalry passed us, all bedaubed with lace, and having the trappings of his horse covered with shells. "Och! we shall have aisy work of it now," said a voice from the ranks, "for there he goes to *shell* them out of the position."

The position occupied by the enemy, as it appeared to me, was a height about a mile in length, in the shape of a crescent, having its concave side towards us. On the right the position was connected with some heights in its front by a ridge, on which, within musket-shot of their line, was the village of St. Bois, which was strongly occupied. On their left, a branch similar to that on the right extended itself into the plain to the northward of Orthes. Though this was the appearance of the position on the front opposed to us, as far as I could learn, the heights receded behind the wings in such a way that the position could not be turned, except by a corps detached for that purpose. This, with its compactness, and the tabular summit of the heights, which admitted a free space for manœuvring, rendered the position strong, although there was nothing in the profile of the ground to make it particularly so.

The battle began with the attack, by the 4th division, of the village of St. Bois, which, after some smart fighting, was carried. The 4th division then attempted to pursue their advantage, and to attack the enemy's right wing; but in the endeavour to debouche from the village, the Portuguese and fuzileer brigades, were rather roughly handled, and Sir Lowry Cole was obliged to content himself with keeping possession of St. Bois.

In the mean time the 3d and 6th divisions approached the enemy's left and centre, along the ridge connected with their position in the direction of Orthes; but without making any serious attack.

Things remained in this state for some time, and the battle seemed at a stand, except that the French made several unsuccessful attempts to recover the village of St. Bois. Our division was in reserve on the heights opposite to the enemy's centre and right, and of course had a good view of what was going on. While we were amusing ourselves with conjectures of what was next to be done, Lord Wellington came from the village of St. Bois, walking his horse quietly, and chatting with some of the staff, just as if nothing of consequence was going on, although it was clear that his principal attack was partially repulsed. On coming up to our division he ordered our left brigade to follow him, and very deliberately formed it into a line along the valley, thus connecting the attacks on the right and left. In effecting this, he received a wound from a spent shot in the leg, which, though it did not prevent his continuing on horseback, confined him for a few days afterwards. When this formation was completed, he ordered the whole to advance, and the French were soon driven from their position. The formation and advance of the 52d, which was a fine strong battalion, was beautiful, and attracted the notice of all who saw it.

While this was going on, Sir Rowland Hill, having forced the passage of the river above Orthes, had begun to manœuvre on the enemy's left and rear; to give time for which, after the repulse of his attack on the enemy's right, Lord Wellington had, I suppose, been so deliberate in the subsequent change of his plan of attack.

The enemy, as stated in the official report, retired in good order from height to height, till at last their retreat ended in flight; but of this I saw little; for though our brigade advanced immediately after the last attack of the enemy, none but our light troops came near them

during the day. Our loss in this action was about 2,300, in killed and wounded.

Our division continued to march in pursuit of the enemy, till near dark, when we took up our quarters in some villages and farm-houses. In one of these latter, where I was proceeding to quarter some of my company, I found a party of the light company of the 88th, or Connaught Rangers, who, after the pursuit of the enemy, had brought up there for the night. They were all tolerably fresh, as may be supposed, and were seated round the fire cutting their jokes, as they contemplated, with greedy looks, the culinary process which was taking place in a large cauldron depending from the roof of the kitchen chimney. The first salutation I received on entering was, "Plase your honour, you will be after taking some of our supper; we have got a couple of geese boiled in wine!" This invitation, however my curiosity might have disposed me to taste of so novel a dish, I could not accept; but I left a party of my soldiers to assist them in discussing the banquet, which I have no doubt was highly palatable. This 88th, although from their name one would suppose them to be a rollicking set, was a very good regiment, and in excellent order. They had always a soldier-like look, and they carried their packs well, which, trifling as the circumstance may appear, is a sure sign of a good service regiment.

After the battle of Orthes, our division advanced rapidly in pursuit of the enemy, and having crossed several rivers, among which was the Adour, at St. Sever, on the first of March reached Mont de Marsan, where we captured a large convoy of provisions. Mont de Marsan is a large, handsome, well-built town, having some fine public buildings, among which were a new court-house and prefectoire, for which they were indebted to Napoleon.

No doubt Buonaparte did much to embellish France; and this was part of his policy; for he knew that when the tears of the parents whose children had fallen a sacrifice to his ambition, had been dried up, these edifices would

remain as monuments of his grandeur; and that while he "went down to posterity with his code in his hand," most of the misery which he had caused in his generation would be buried in oblivion with the objects of his tyranny. Indeed, if the characters of conquerors were drawn from the testimony of the times in which they figured, few would acquire the appellation of *great*.

We would gladly have remained some time at Mont de Marsan; but the next day we resumed our march, and turning to the southward we cantoned ourselves in the villages near the Adour, between Grenada and Cazeres. This was a fine champaign country, abounding in extensive plantations of the vine, but possessing little or no timber to diversify the scene. Although the male population, as might be expected, was but scanty, agriculture did not appear to suffer; for females seemed to fill the place of the lords of the creation in a manner which would surprise us islanders, who are not accustomed to see women employed in any laborious occupations. Thus, though not of so tall a stature as the fair sex of our own country, the women of France have acquired, probably from the duties in which they have been engaged, a coarser form, a more masculine air, and a less graceful carriage, notwithstanding their boasted talents in dancing, than those of the same class in England. Though suffering from the absence or death of their male relatives, the inhabitants appeared to enjoy every comfort to be looked for in their line of life; and this was natural, for the more the population was thinned, provided there were hands enough to till the ground, the greater abundance was left for those who remained. Scarcely a young man above the age of eighteen was to be seen; and if a raw-boned youth now and then made his appearance, with a shy, half-saucy look, and semi-military air, you might be sure that he was some runaway conscript, who perhaps only a few days before had been engaged in hostility against us. Though France seemed to submit tamely, if not patiently, to the will of her tyrant, yet occasionally the tears of a childless mother would rouse the father to a sense of

his wrongs; but, had fortune continued to smile on the arms of Napoleon, those tears would have been quickly absorbed in their country's glory; and perhaps many a fountain of sorrow, which had been dried up from this cause, now flowed afresh through the wounds which the national glory had received.

On the 2d of March part of Sir Rowland Hill's corps attacked a division of the French army, which had taken up a strong position to cover the town of Aire. The Portuguese division of the Conde d'Amarante assaulted the hill in front, while Sir W. Stuart, with two British brigades of the 2d division, proceeded to turn the position. The former advanced in good order, till they reached the top of the hill, when a panic seized them, and they took to their heels. General Barnes' brigade, which had by this time approached the flank of the French, found themselves in consequence opposed to the whole force of the enemy, to resist which required all the firmness and courage of British troops. Their brigadier here showed a noble example; for the troops having hesitated to pass a wall, the opposite side of which was exposed to the fire of the enemy, who were much superior in number, he gallantly leaped his horse over it, and cheering on his men, led the way to victory.

This failure of the Portuguese, so different from their conduct on many occasions, particularly at Bayonne, proved, that however they may have improved in discipline and confidence by their connection with the British army, yet they still required the presence of British troops to inspire them with sufficient courage to withstand the tried legions of France. The Portuguese are a patient good-tempered people, therefore very susceptible of discipline under good officers; and when so are very steady under arms, often presenting a more imposing appearance than our battalions, who, from possessing more impetuosity, but too often advance to the charge in a straggling order: but they are, in fact, a timid people, and to make them effective as soldiers, they should be brought into such a state of discipline that they will be more afraid of their officers than of the enemy.

We remained in the neighbourhood of Cazseres for some days till the weather had cleared up sufficiently to admit of military operations; for it had rained almost incessantly from the day of our arrival at Mont de Marsan. During this time I was quartered in the house of an extensive *proprietaire*, who received us with civility. While chatting with his family on the evening of our arrival, there came in an assistant-commissary with a troop of the wagon-train at his heels; who, without attending to the vehement remonstrances of our host, very coolly carried off all his hay, oats, and cattle, leaving him only a cow or two to supply his family with milk. The man was mad; he stamped, he swore, he wept, he abused the English, he tore his hair, and very nearly tore the receipt which the commissary had given him for his goods. But here we interfered, and begged that if he could not keep his temper, he would at least keep his voucher, which might be the means of his recovering the other. "You have taken all I have in the world," he exclaimed, "and this is what you have given me in return for it;" offering again, but with less vehemence to tear the document, which, judging by the system pursued by his own countrymen in foreign countries, he very naturally considered as of no value. At length we pacified him a little, with the assurance that if he took the paper to head-quarters he would get the full value of his goods. The next morning he started, and in the evening returned laden with money, and with a countenance somewhat differing from that with which he had gone to bed. We spent a jovial evening; he made us dance with his daughters, produced some of his best chateau margot, sang half a dozen of his best songs, slobbered us over with his embraces, and was put to bed crying drunk.

The French were, in fact, a great deal too well paid for their supplies. In Spain, where we were acting as Allies, it might have been all very proper to pay for every thing; but because we were assisting to restore the Bourbons, it did not follow that we were allies of the French nation, which had chosen another ruler.

But this was a part of that John Bull policy, which has entailed on us such a debt, and which rendered us the laughing-stock of the very people who were benefitted by our unexpected generosity.

We now lived in abundance, and very little money could procure us luxuries, that is with proper management: for we found the French much disposed to take advantage of our good-nature, and to withhold from civility what they dared not have refused to force. It was, necessary, therefore, when we first entered a farm-house, to play the tyrant a little, till we obtained what we wanted, paying of course for it, and then we could afford to relax.

The inhabitants had got it into their heads, and indeed they were borne out by facts, that Lord Wellington had determined to take part with them on any occasion of complaint against his troops, and on this notion they took care to act. No troops, I am sure, could behave better than ours, even in a friendly country; notwithstanding which we were frequently called upon to answer demands, many of which I am confident were without foundation; and this in so summary a manner, (the commanding officer of the regiment being directed to satisfy the complainant before he quitted his ground,) that there was no time left for remonstrance. Such conduct on the part of our General, in deciding before he heard both sides of the question, might have been very convenient and politic, but was it just? After all he obtained little credit for it among those whom it was intended to please; for they would say, alluding to his conciliatory conduct, that with such a population at his back he dared not do otherwise.

CHAPTER XXII.

Resume our March.—Anecdote of an Hussar of the 10th.—Affair at Tarbes.—Admirable style of Skirmishing of the 95th.—Enemy's Position near Tournay.—Arrival at St. Gaudens.—Passed by a Spanish Division.—Anecdote on that subject.—A German Dragoon.—Remarks on German Cavalry.—Style of living of the Commissariat.—Arrival in sight of Toulouse.—French Villas.—Abundance of Wine.—Throw a Bridge across the Garonne above the Town.—Landlady and Breakfast.—Remove the Bridge to below the Town.—Two Divisions of our Army cross. Bridge carried away.—Critical situation of the two Divisions.—Bridge repaired.—Spaniards cross over.—Affairs of Cavalry.—Light Division crosses the River.

About the 12th of March, the weather having cleared up, we resumed our march, and, ascending the Adour through the towns of Barcelone, Plaisance, and Rabastins, arrived in the neighbourhood of Tarbes on the 19th. The country we marched through was much the same as what I have already described, except that the valleys bordering the rivers abound in rich pastures, and afford many pleasing views, which, however, want wood to give richness to the scene.

One day, when I had diverged a little from the line of march, to visit a *chateau* which I perceived at a short distance, and was riding up the avenue, I saw one of our hussars in the act of mounting his horse at the door, attended by the master of the house and his family, who were bowing and curtseying to their parting guest in a manner that denoted their high opinion of his rank and consequence. To these salutations, so unusual to the British soldier, he was endeavouring to make a suitable return, by aping the action of his more polished host, in such a way that the centre of gravity of his body was brought much further from the base of his

saddle than was quite consistent with the state of his upper story. My arrival somewhat accelerated his departure, and off he trotted. "*Ce Monsieur la est Colonel, n'est ce pas?*" said the Frenchman to me, on finding, from my salutation, that I understood his language. "*O que non,*" I replied. "*Ce n'est que simple soldat.*"—"*O mon Dieu, mais comme il est vétu! et quel monture!*" In fact, in both these respects I was nothing to him. I learnt that he had been regaling himself for an hour or two at the *chateau*, and that his ignorance of the French language here stood him in good stead; for, not being able to answer any of their interrogations, his horse and appointments passed him off as an officer of rank.

On arriving near Tarbes, we found some picquets of the enemy's cavalry posted outside the town, and some hills on our left occupied by their troops. Shortly afterwards a smart firing began to the westward of the town, which we found to proceed from Sir Rowland Hill; he was engaged with the enemy, who occupied a position in that direction. Our rifles were immediately sent to dislodge the French from the hills on our left, and our battalion was ordered to support them. Nothing could exceed the manner in which the 95th set about the business. When they had nearly gained the top of the hill, the French, thinking to surprise them, sent a strong party round the side of the hill to take them in flank. We, who being at a greater distance, saw the manœuvre, trembled for our poor fellows, who could not be aware of the attack. Luckily, however, one of the riflemen, who was on the flank, caught a sight of the column, and gave the alarm, when instantly the nearest men collected to the number of about sixty, fixed their swords on their rifles, and just as the enemy appeared round the brow of the hill charged them, though at least twice their own number, and sent them back faster than they came.

Certainly I never saw such skirmishers as the 95th, now the rifle brigade. They could do the work much better, and with infinitely less loss, than any other of our best light troops. They possessed an individual

boldness, a mutual understanding, and a quickness of eye in taking advantage of the ground, which, taken altogether, I never saw equalled. They were, in fact, as much superior to the French *voltigeurs*, as the latter were to our skirmishers in general. As our regiment was often employed in supporting them, I think I am fairly qualified to speak of their merits. This agrees with what may be observed in the British character, that whatever an Englishman sets his hand to exclusively, he is sure to bring to perfection; but in the talent of succeeding in many things at the same time, we must yield the palm to our more versatile neighbours.

As soon as the rifles had worried the enemy off the hill, our division moved up. We had thence a good view of the town of Tarbes, which looked delightfully from the heights, surrounded as it was with avenues and gardens, and backed by the lofty Pyrenees. We advanced along the top of the hills towards the eastern side of the town, till we arrived near the high-road to St. Gaudens, on which the French, who were driven through Tarbes by Sir Rowland Hill, were retreating precipitately—horse, foot, and artillery, pell-mell. Why we did not push on I know not; but I think if we had we must have done the enemy some serious injury. As it was we accelerated their pace not a little. I thought, at one time, we were within about musket-shot of their column; but this might have been an optical deception; for we did not offer to molest them.

We followed up the enemy, till we came in front of a very strong position which they had taken up near Tournay, consisting of a range of heights, of no great extent, but of a most formidable profile. Although we did not come in sight of it till late in the evening, dispositions appeared to be making by Lord Wellington for its attack; and our columns were pushed so close that the enemy began to cannonade us smartly. Nothing, however, was done; and we bivouacked close under the position, which, wrapped in the black mantle of night, looked more formidable than it really was, and which we naturally contemplated with some degree of

awe, as destined to be the scene of our conflict the next morning. In the course of the night, however, we were relieved from all anxiety on that score by our patrols, who discovered that the enemy had commenced their retreat shortly after dark.

The next day we marched in the direction of St. Gaudens; but did not come up with the enemy, though we must have been pretty close at their heels; as it was evident from their having been disturbed in their attempts to share the carcass of a fat bullock, which lay on the side of the road with a musket-shot through its body. Though the animal was not dead, these inhuman Abyssinians had not hesitated to cut some hasty steaks from its rump. When we came up, humanity put an end to its sufferings, and hunger soon caused its flesh to be deposited in the havresacks of our soldiers.

Our army might now be said to live in clover. We had good rations, and the wines of the country were both pleasant and cheap. We had seldom occasion to bivouac, for, being a pursuing army, it was not necessary for us to take up positions; so we quartered ourselves in the towns and villages. Arriving at St. Gaudens, we followed the high-road by the left bank of the Garonne, till we arrived opposite to Toulouse, which we reached about the end of the month.

On the march we were passed by a Spanish division under General Freyre, which appeared in tolerable order, and in good spirits. I asked one of the soldiers, as they filed past us, of what strength they were. "*Somos treize mille ombres, no tienne miedo usteds*"—which in the mouth of a Spaniard means, "There are 13,000 of us; don't you be afraid; we'll do the business for you."

One day that I was quartered in a farm-house, along with some of our German dragoons, the owner came to complain to me that the soldiers had been killing his fowls, and pointed out one man in particular as the principal offender. The fact being brought home to the dragoon, he excused himself by saying, "One shiken come frighten my horse, and I give him one kick, and

he die." "Oh but," said I, "the *patron* contends that you killed more than one fowl." "Oh yes; that shiken moder see me kick that shiken, so she come fly in my face, and I give her one kick, and she die." Of course I reported the culprit to his officer, by whom he was punished as a notorious offender. I must nevertheless say of these Germans, that, however well they might be skilled in the art of marauding, they were the best cavalry in our army. They had their horses always in the best condition, understood the outpost duty to perfection, and certainly performed the most dashing thing that was done during the war, and that was after the battle of Salamanca, when they broke into and captured two French squares of infantry. Why the Germans, who behaved so well when in connection with our army, should have allowed the French to tumble them over as they did when acting by themselves, is a problem to be solved.

While on the march from St. Gaudens, I had one day an opportunity of observing the style in which our commissariat carried on the war. I had gone over to head-quarters on some business, and happened to remain in the town some time after they had quitted it; when in came the commissariat and their train; for, on a continued advance, their staff generally kept one march in the rear of the head-quarters, occupying mostly the same place which the former had quitted. I really could not help thinking there was a greater display of led horses, baggage-mules, servants, &c. than Lord Wellington and all his staff could muster. Doubtless they had means, known only to themselves, of keeping up all this; but, as long as they filled our bellies, no one would grudge them a few pickings.

On arriving near Toulouse, we found the suburb of St. Ciprien, on the left bank of the river, put into a state of defence. On the high ground to the westward there were many handsome villas, which the owners had very foolishly abandoned, without having left even a servant to look after them: under these circumstances, it could not be expected that they should escape depredation.

even if there had been no hostile army near. The cellars were generally full, and to these, of course, our soldiers had free access; but I did not observe that this produced any extraordinary intemperance in the men. They had become accustomed to wine, and the wines of France are not strong, while the *gusto* of "forbidden fruit" was wanting. I heard one soldier say to another, "I wish you would come and see us; we have capital wine in our cellar."

The grounds belonging to these villas were some of them laid out *á l'Anglaise*, a taste which had begun to supersede the old formal style of the *Grand Monarque*. In fact civilization on the old French system, was a constant war against nature, from the *salon* to the *parterre*, till at last poor nature became an exotic. From the lord of the forest down to the poodle-dog, every thing was clipped into some fantastic shape; and a clump of trees *au naturel* would have been as rare a sight in a Frenchman's grounds, as a sirloin of beef at his table. But, even supposing the taste for the beauties of nature to be improved, still the deficiency of fine timber, owing to the stunted manner in which the woods are trained for firewood, must, until some substitute as fuel be introduced, render the scenery of France much inferior to that of England.

Lord Wellington having directed that a bridge should be thrown across the Garonne a few miles above Toulouse, I proceeded to act with the engineers on that occasion. In this operation the chief difficulty lay in getting the first rope across; for the river was not only wide but very rapid; so that if the bite of the rope got into the stream, it was not possible to pull the boat across. To obviate this, we were compelled to interpose pontoons at regular distances, to keep the rope out of the water; and which pontoons required also to be manned, and rowed so as to make head against the stream. All this took a great deal of time: the bridge was nevertheless completed by morning, and two divisions of our army crossed.

Our pontoon establishment was at this time very de-

fective; but the system has been since brought to great perfection by Colonel Paisley at Chatham; and, I believe, a mode of projecting the rope across, either by a rocket or small mortar, has been adopted in lieu of the slower and more difficult process which I have described.

On returning to my billet in the morning, as hungry as a hawk, I requested my landlady to prepare me some breakfast. She asked what I should like. I replied, "some eggs and bacon." So forthwith she prepared a dish, containing full two dozen of the former, with a due proportion of the latter—a pretty good proof of the abundance of the land, and of her opinion of an Englishman's appetite. These French imagine that, because we dine off large joints, we must be great eaters, when, in fact, we do not eat half so much as they do. In France the providing for the stomach is much more of an *affaire* than it is in England. When in French you talk of a man's having spent his fortune, you say, "*Il a mangè son bien;*" and the first question a Frenchman asks you on visiting his country is, how you like their *cuisine*. This latter observation reminds me of an answer made to me by an English traveller, to whom, on his expressing a dislike of the French mode of living, I remarked, that I supposed he did not relish their *cuisine*. "Quizzing, Sir!" said he rather tartly; "you don't suppose I allowed the fellows to quiz me."

The roads to the southward of Toulouse having been found impracticable, in a day or two our two divisions returned, and Lord Wellington resolved to throw a bridge across the river some two miles below the town. Here the difficulty of getting the rope across was still greater than before, as the rain had swollen the river, and increased the rapidity of the current. The bridge, however, was completed during the night of the 4th or 5th, and the next morning the 4th and 6th divisions crossed.

As all the houses near the river were occupied, I rode off, with two or three of the engineer officers, some miles to a *chateau*, the owner of which entertained us hospitably. It rained incessantly during the night, and in the morning, when we returned to the bridge, we

found several of the pontoons in the centre swamped, and the bridge in great danger of being carried away. With some difficulty we succeeded in disengaging the pontoons, and thus saved the remainder of the bridge. It was surprising to us that the French did not at this time make some attempt to destroy our bridge, which I think might have been easily effected by floating down the river some large boats laden with stone.

The small portion of our army on the other side of the river was now apparently in a rather awkward predicament. Lord Wellington crossed in a boat, and put the two divisions into a strong position, with their right resting on the Garonne, and their left on the river Ers. This would not generally be called a strong position; for its front was in a plain; but I call that the best position for British troops which secures their flanks, and gives them a clear front to fight upon. The ground they occupied was not more than they could properly cover, and I have no doubt that had Soult thought proper to attack them, they would have repulsed his whole army; but he had been taught too many lessons in that way. Some of our artillery was brought to the left of the river where the bank was highest, and so placed as to rake the front of the two divisions.

Things remained in this state till the 8th, when, the bridge being repaired, Lord Wellington crossed the river, with the Spanish division of General Freyre, and part of our cavalry and artillery. On the same day there was an affair of cavalry, in which the 18th hussars distinguished themselves, and obtained possession of the village of Croix d'Orade and a bridge over the river Ers.

On the night of the 8th our pontoon bridge was moved higher up the river, but not in sufficient time to admit of its being completed before noon. Lord Wellington was very angry at this, as it was his intention to have crossed over two more divsions that morning, and to have attacked the enemy. This operation he was compelled to postpone till the next day, which proved to be Easter Sunday; and early in the morning of the 10th April,

ours and the 3d division crossed the bridge, and moved towards the town.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Enemy's Position at Toulouse.—Battle.—Third Division.—Sir Thomas Picton.—Loss of the Allies.—Town evacuated by the Enemy.—Anecdote on entering the Town.—Description of Toulouse.—French Theatre.—News of the Abdication of Napoleon.—Inhabitants hoist the White Cockade.—Conduct of our Soldiers in their Billets.

Toulouse is situated on the right bank of the Garonne; and the Canal de Languedoc, which joins the river below the town, covers it on its northern and eastern sides. The position occupied by the French army, and which they had been at great pains to improve, was very strong. It consisted of a range of heights extending along the eastern side of the town, between the Canal and the river Ers, which runs parallel to the Garonne. The left and centre of these heights, which Soult thought to be the only assailable points, were strongly fortified with redoubts and entrenchments; but towards the right, where the ground sloped off, no endeavours had been made to strengthen it, as it was conceived to be sufficiently protected by the river Ers, which flowed within half gun-shot of the French. Besides this, all the bridges crossing the canal to the northward of the town were covered with formidable *tetes de pont*, and the suburb of St. Ciprien, on the opposite side of the river, as I before observed, was put into a state of defence.

Lord Wellington's plan of attack was as novel as it was unexpected by the enemy. Sir William Beresford was directed, with the 4th and 6th divisions, to possess himself of the village of Montblanc, and thence to pro-

ceed along the left bank of the Ers, till he gained the enemy's right, when he was to form and move up to the attack, while the Spaniards were to take the bull by the horns, that is, to attack the left of the position. This latter attack was, I have no doubt, intended more as a diversion than in any expectation that it would prove successful. The Spaniards, as I understood, had complained that Lord Wellington did not in general put them sufficiently forward. "Well then," said he, "you shall have enough of it the next time." Ours and the 3d division were to remain in reserve opposite to the two *tetes de pont* over the Canal to the northward of the town, and a strong battery of the Portuguese artillery was placed on a hill opposite to the extremity of the enemy's left; and there Lord Wellington took his station.

The battle was begun by Sir W. Beresford, who carried the village of Montblanc, and then proceeded along the Ers in three open columns, flanked by his skirmishers, so that on gaining the point of attack he had nothing to do but to wheel into line, and move up the hill. This manœuvre was executed in admirable order, though our troops had to pass the whole length of the enemy's position, under a heavy fire from their artillery on the heights.

As soon as Sir W. Beresford had formed his line, and begun to move up the hill, the Spaniards were put in motion. Although full half a mile from the enemy they started in double quick time. "This," we said, "wont last long." They, however, drove the French from some entrenchments on the side of the hill, and continued to ascend till they reached a high-road, which, being cut out of the side of the hill, afforded them shelter from the fire of the enemy. Here they came to a halt; and not all the endeavours of their officers, many of whom set a gallant example, could make them move a step farther; the French, perceiving this, after a little time sent down a strong body of *voltigeurs*, who, firing right among the Spaniards, sent them headlong down the hill. Our division immediately formed line, and the Spaniards, passing through the intervals, rallied in our

rear. They looked much mortified at their defeat, and bore rather sulkily the taunts of our Portuguese, who were not sorry to have a wipe at their neighbours.

In the mean time our division had made a false attack on the *tete de pont* opposite to us, with a trifling loss. Not so the third division, which, having had the same duty to perform at the *tete de pont* nearest to the river, thought proper to turn their diversion into a real attack, and suffered severely, without gaining their point.

The Spaniards now advanced a second time to the attack, but with no better success, having on this occasion fought shy of the heights, and got between them and the canal, where they suffered from a cross fire. As might have been expected, they came tumbling back on us, and again we interposed for their protection. On this occasion Lord Wellington is reported to have exclaimed, "There they go, off to Spain, by G—d!"

While all this was going on Sir W. Beresford, having ascended the heights on the enemy's right, brought forward his left shoulder, swept the greater part of the position, and succeeded in capturing two of the enemy's redoubts, and some fortified houses in the centre of their line. These redoubts, however, were not taken without a stout resistance on the part of the French, in which the Highland brigade of the 6th division suffered severely: indeed the enemy, having pushed forward a strong body of their reserve, regained momentary possession of one, but were quickly driven out again. The French then abandoned their remaining redoubts, and retreated behind the canal. Sir Rowland Hill had all this time not been idle, but had driven the enemy from their entrenchments outside the suburb of St. Ciprien. Thus closed the battle of Toulouse.

The French took great credit to themselves for repulsing the Spaniards, and to this day always talk of this battle as a victory on their part, while, in fact, they were beaten out of their position by two divisions of our army.

The attack of the *tete de pont* by the 3d division was,

it must be allowed, a work of supererogation, and justly incurred the censure of Lord Wellington. Sir Thomas Picton was unquestionably a man of genius, and would have made a good head of an army ; but he was not calculated for a subordinate officer. He was too fond of taking things upon himself, which conduct, though it might sometimes prove successful, and produce important results, (as it was said to have happened at Badajos,) is on the whole more likely to do harm than good. What Lord Wellington required in his subordinates was stout hearts and cool heads. Your self-acting genius was not the man for him.

The loss of the Allies at the battle of Toulouse was about 4,000 men in killed and wounded, a great part of whom were Spaniards. Considering the small number of troops engaged on both sides, the battle was sanguinary. What the loss of the French was we could not learn ; but they left three Generals and 1,600 men wounded in the town.

It having been, I believe, the intention of Lord Wellington to blockade Toulouse, in case Soult had determined on remaining there with his army, the day after the battle, our division began to put some farm-houses to the northward of the town into a state of defence. We had not, however, occasion to continue this work long ; for, in the course of the night, the noise of the French drums and bands announced their army to be in full retreat, and in the morning the town was completely clear of their troops, excepting such of the wounded as could not conveniently be carried away.

I walked into the town among the first, and as I was going along the high street, an old woman rushed out of a house, and running up to me, threw her arms around my neck before I could escape from the attack, and exclaimed, puffing her garlicky breath in my face, "*Ah, Monsieur, nous aurons le sucre et le café!*" Every one for himself, thought I, wiping my mouth ; the sugar and coffee are as much to this good woman as the national honour is to her more sensitive neighbours. As soon as I had released myself from the embraces of the old

lady, I began to think that, in selecting me for the honour of her salutation, she must have seen Batavia written on my face.

Toulouse is not by any means a handsome town; and, excepting the Canal de Languedoc, which is a fine work, has little either in or about it worthy of notice. The chief attraction of the place was a good theatre, and a tolerable company of comedians, who, having played the Buonapartists for some years, had now to exhibit their versatile talents in playing the Bourbonists; for, in the evening the news of the occupation of Paris by the Allies, and of the abdication of Napoleon having arrived, the despatch was read from the stage by the mayor; and *Henri Quatre*, with an additional stanza, produced cut and dry from the portfolio of some expectant laureat, was sung in grand chorus by the company, and applauded with the cry of *Vive le Roi!* from the partizans of the restored dynasty. This same *Henri Quatre*, with his "*triple talent*," is invariably brought up to give popularity to the cause of the Bourbons, while their more magnificent, but less manly, *grand monarque* is deservedly consigned to oblivion. This circumstance is of itself a proof that the national character has been improved since the Revolution.

The principal inhabitants, who either were or wished to be thought, loyal to the Bourbons, now hoisted the white cockade, and the inhabitants appeared delighted with the change, excepting some of the middling classes, who, having become the possessors of national domains, or of the property of emigrants, could hardly conceal their fears of a re-action to their prejudice.

Our soldiers were well treated in their billets; and I frequently saw them walking arm-in-arm with the well-dressed *bourgeois* and their wives and daughters, and sometimes even seated *en voiture* with them on a party of pleasure to the country. In fact, a *militaire* is a much greater character in France than in England, and our soldiers were not a little surprised to find themselves treated with so much consideration. They did not,

however, take advantage of it; but behaved so well, that when we inquired how they conducted themselves in their billets, the answer was, " *Ce sont des agneaux!*" and in the humbler dwellings of the artizans you would sometimes see a great grenadier dangling a French baby on his knee by the fire-side, while the mother was engaged in some domestic occupation.

The old woman was right; for certainly both the *sucre* and *café* were very scarce. The coffee-cups had in consequence dwindled down into the size of good large thimbles; and the lumps of sugar, extracted from beet-root, were not above the size of a marrowfat-pea; so different from those blocks with which the French now fill their cups, as if to make up for their long deprivation of that most essential article of luxury.

Shortly after we took possession of Toulouse, Lord Wellington entered into a convention with Marshal Soult, whereby hostilities were brought to a close. I began, therefore, to turn my thoughts towards home, and, having obtained leave of absence, set off for England *viá* Bordeaux.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Author bids adieu to the Army.—His remarks on Lord Wellington's Army.—Order of the Bath.—Remarks on Lord Wellington's Tactics.—Some observations on the Battle of Waterloo. The Author sets off for England *via* Bordeaux.—His companions in the Diligence.—Description of a French Diligence.—Arrives at Bordeaux, and sets sail for England.—Conclusion.

As I am now about to bid adieu to my comrades in arms, I shall take the opportunity of saying a few words of the British army under the command of Lord Wellington—an army which might have been called peculiarly his own; for, however it may have benefited in

its discipline and interior economy by the wise regulations and paternal supervision of the Duke of York, it certainly owed its efficiency in the field either to the tuition of Lord Wellington, or to the experience acquired under his command, while opposed to an enemy who understood the art of war in perfection. Latterly nothing could surpass the system of the army. From the general to the sentinel every one seemed to understand his duty perfectly, and to practise it without noise or fuss. The commissariat, certainly not the least important branch of the army, owed its formation and its efficiency entirely to his Lordship, and I believe cost him more trouble and annoyance before he could establish it on a good footing than can well be conceived; for when he first took command of the army in Spain, there was not a soul that knew any thing about the matter. It is a pity that some competent person does not endeavour to perpetuate the system of Lord Wellington's army in all its branches, for the benefit of our future continental armaments. Still there must always be a great deal which can only be learnt by experience, and which, in our next war, will have to be bought over again, perhaps at a dear price.

Individually the British soldier is a fine specimen of the profession. He possesses the steadiness of the German with the spirit of the Frenchman. This must entirely originate in his natural character; for he has no motive to urge him to extraordinary acts. He has little or no prospect of promotion beyond the ranks, let him behave ever so well; neither his emulation nor his zeal is excited by such distinctions of merit as exist in the French armies; nor is his sense of honour promoted by any peculiar respect attached to the profession of arms among his countrymen: on the contrary, his vocation is looked down upon, and he is subject to corporal punishment.

If to the before-mentioned natural qualities of the British soldier you add a high sense of honour, you have the character of a British officer, whose education and habits have not tended either to enervate his mind, or to

debilitate his body. I am aware that British officers are not so much instructed in the theory of their profession as those of other armies; but that is, in my opinion, a matter of little consequence. Generally speaking the best education for an officer is that which will make him the best citizen. There will always be, in every department, a sufficient number of long heads to advance the science of the profession; but theorists are not the best agents. It is seldom we find an Archimedes, a Cæsar, or a Vauban. A clergyman invented the principle upon which Rodney broke the French line. A monk invented gun-powder, and a soldier the art of printing. A French *aspirant* would perhaps put one of our post-captains to the blush in the scientific part of his profession; and yet what has been the result? In fact a soldier may be too much of an officer to do his duty, and an officer may be too much of a theorist to do his.

Our cavalry, it must be admitted, does not stand so high in comparison with the French troops as our infantry. Both the *personel* and the *materiel* are of the best kind; there must, therefore, be something wrong in the *moral;* and on this subject I do not feel myself competent to give an opinion.

Taking the army of Lord Wellington, however, as a whole, it was unequalled, as its deeds fully testify; and no remarks of mine can add to its reputation.

As I have touched on orders of merit, I must say that, unless extended to all ranks, and conferred on the field of battle, they are more ornamental than useful. With us, on the present system, they must often be obtained by interest or favour, and when once that is the case, they cease to be of value in the eyes of a soldier. "Sour grapes!" some titled K. C. B. may exclaim. I grant there may be something in that; still as long as we subordinates, who are out of the pale of honours, enjoy the esteem of our companions in arms, we ought not to envy the possessors of those hot-house productions, however sweet the fruit may taste to their own palates.

With respect to the Duke of Wellington himself, it might be enough to say that he is in every respect wor-

thy to command British troops; but my admiration of his Grace's talents will not allow me to be silent. The two principal qualities in a general, firmness and decision, the Duke of Wellington eminently possesses. His *coup d'œil* is just, his apprehension quick, and his judgment sound. His military operations are all on the grand scale, deep-laid, well combined, and consecutive. He never troubles his head about the *petit guerre;* and, as his subordinates have little or no latitude allowed them, it must sometimes happen that the opportunity of a good *coup* is lost; but this is more than compensated by the general result of well combined movements. He chooses rather to employ men with cool heads and strong hearts, than men of talent or genius, who, his knowledge of mankind teaches him, are seldom the best tools.

The Duke has been accused, particularly by our enemies, of being over-cautious. This is a subject which I have discussed in another part of these Memoirs; I shall, therefore, now content myself with saying, that the number of defeats which he has inflicted on the French ought to have whispered to them to be silent on that point; for if, in being over-prudent, he achieved so many victories over them, what must have happened if, in accordance with their notions, his operations had possessed more vigour? It has been also said that he does not take sufficient advantage of his victories; that is, that he does not follow up his enemy properly. There is, I think, some truth in this assertion, and a fault it certainly is; but it is the fault of a great mind, and one of which no little mind could be guilty. Perhaps he is not so great a tactician in battle, as in the previous operations; nor does he, I think, make sufficient use of his cavalry. But this is in some degree the consequence of his system. The cavalry do not enter into his calculations; for he plays off his divisions of infantry as a chess-player does his pieces, and, by a series of skilful movements, puts his adversary in such a situation that check-mate follows as a matter of course. In any case, cavalry is an arm which should in a great measure be left to

act at discretion. One principle of his tactics is to keep large reserves, for he knows that a momentary impression is as easily made with a small body as a large one, and at whatever point he is successful, there he follows up the blow.

The Duke has not, it must be confessed, been so successful in his sieges as in the other operations of war; but this is because his talents, as a tactician, cannot enter into them.

Some pretend that he was taken by surprise previously to the battle of Waterloo. This I deny. No doubt he was surprised to find Buonaparte come so suddenly on him and Blucher; but in a military sense he was not surprised—that is, taken off his guard. His rendezvous, as I have already observed, is always so situated with regard to his cantonments, that, at whatever point the enemy may penetrate, or however rapidly they may advance, his army can always be concentrated before any considerable portion of it can be attacked. It would have been so in the instance alluded to, but that Blucher thought proper to take up a position in advance; the Duke was therefore compelled to move up to his support. Had it not been for this he would doubtless have fallen back to some position in his rear, probably Waterloo.

Was it because the Duke was in his silk stockings at a ball in Brussels at the time of Buonaparte's irruption that he was taken by surprise?

How completely in the end did he out manœuvre Buonaparte, and how different was his generalship from that of Blucher's. That honest, brave veteran, at the first intelligence of the advance of the French, threw himself directly across their path, and encountered almost the whole of their army. As might have been expected he received a sound drubbing. This very error the Duke of Wellington turned into the principal means of defeating the French army. Blucher retires precipitately after his defeat, but in good order. Buonaparte detaches, of course, a considerable force in pursuit of him. The Duke retires also; and on the morning of the 17th sends word to Blucher, who, he was informed, had in-

tended to concentrate at Wavre, that he purposed to offer the French battle at Waterloo, and that the Prussians must march in the night of the 17th, or early on the morning of the 18th, to join him. Now Buonaparte could not know that the Duke of Wellington intended to give him battle at Waterloo till the morning of the 18th, when he saw our army in position. He himself says that he could hardly believe it then;—well, this being the case, he did not, and could not, send to Grouchy to join him till then. But Blucher having been warned the preceding day of the Duke's intention to fight, put, or ought to have put his army in motion to join the English either on the night of the 17th or early on the 18th, leaving a sufficient force to mask the movement, or to keep Grouchy in check for some time. Blucher must therefore have joined the Duke long before Grouchy could have joined Buonaparte. Nothing but a combination of untoward circumstances prevented the Prussians from coming up sooner. Blucher should not have allowed his army to be detained by his artillery, which from the heavy rain during the preceding night could hardly proceed, but should have pushed on with his cavalry and light troops. Had he done so the battle would have been decided at an early hour. As it was, although the Prussians contributed to render the defeat of the French more complete, they had no share in the glory of the day. The enemy were completely beaten before they came up. It was desperation only that made Buonaparte persist in his attacks on the British position. As a General, he should have retired before the arrival of the Prussians.

Having already made too long a digression from my own memoirs, I shall reserve whatever further remarks I may have to make on this celebrated battle, till I have accomplished my long-meditated pilgrimage to the Marquis of Anglesey's leg.

But to return to myself: I started, or rather set off, (for it cannot well be called *starting*,) in the diligence for Bordeaux. Our company consisted of the Colonel of our regiment, who was also going home on leave of ab-

sence, two ladies, and an officer of Soult's army. The latter was a good specimen of his countrymen; very amusing, and very vain. He entertained us with many comical stories; but his favourite topic was the glory of the French arms. They had sometimes found troops, he would say, who could stand fire as well as themselves, but at *l'arme blanche* they were irresistible. The British, he admitted, came nearer to them in this respect than any other troops, and he should have liked to see two equal bodies of English and French fairly pitted against each other. I laughed in my sleeve, but held my tongue. It is of no use to argue with a Frenchman in a case of that kind; it is only adding fuel to the fire. To beat the pride out of our pugnacious neighbours is impossible; and this is one reason why they are such good soldiers. In every reverse they will find a hole for their pride to creep out of; and if defeated one day they will be ready for you the next. Though inferior in physical courage to the Germans, they have more confidence and more activity; and courage without activity is like a cannon-ball without momentum to give it velocity.

Our fair companions—I beg their pardon for not mention them first—although not, strictly speaking, unimpeachable on the score of morality, were externally very well-behaved young women, and took their part in conversation with a degree of propriety and intelligence which astonished me, who had been accustomed to see quite a different conduct in persons of the same class in England. But the fact is, (as I once told a Frenchman, much to his annoyance, when arguing on the subject,) in France such females have a rank or character in society to maintain; whereas with us, if a woman falls, she falls like Lucifer. Thus that which would strike a superficial observer as a comparison unfavourable to our country, is the strongest proof of the superior tone of its morals.

The travelling in a French diligence is really a business. The great lumbering vehicle, the rough *pave*, the blustering familiar *conducteur*, the noisy whip-cracking postilions, and the heavy but pugnacious cattle, added to

the little progress made, are altogether a great trial to the nerves and patience of an Englishman, who is accustomed to the light easy carriage, the smooth roads, the cool civil coachman, the active, but well broken horses of his own country, and to go over the same distance in half the time, and without half the fuss.

Nothing happened on the road particularly worthy of notice. We passed through the pretty, pleasantly situted town of Agen, so noted for its dried plums; had occasionally some striking views of the noble Garonne; and in due course arrived at Bordeaux, where I embarked for England.

Reader, farewell!—you have now done me the honour to accompany me through twelve years of my life; and, though our opinions may not always have coincided, still I hope that we part good friends.

THE END.